THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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BY ROBERT HERRICK

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The Memoirs of an American

By Robert Herrick

Author of The Common Lot, The Web of Life, etc.

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CHAPTER I

IT WAS a raw, blustering September night when I rounded up for the first time at the lake front in Chicago. There was just a strip of waste land, in those days, between the great avenue and the railroad tracks that skirted the lake. In 1876 there were no large hotels or skyscrapers fronting a tidy park; nothing but some wooden or brick houses, and, across the tracks, the waves lapped away at the railroad embankment. I was something more than twenty, old enough, at any rate, to have earned a better bed than a few feet of sand and sooty grass in a vacant lot. It was the first night I had ever slept out, at least because there was no place I had a right to go to. All that day I had been on the tramp from Indiana.

I was not the only homeless wanderer, by any means. Early in the evening a lot of bums began to drop in, slinking down the avenue or coming in from the city through the cross streets. It was early in the season, but to-night the east wind raked the park and shook gusts of rain from the low clouds, making it comfortable to keep moving. So we wandered up and down that sandy strip, footing it like dogs on the hunt for a hole, and eying each other gloomily when we passed.

Early in the evening a big wooden building at the north end was lighted up, and some of us gathered around the windows and hung there under the eaves watching the carriages drive up to the door to leave their freight. There was a concert in the hall, and after it began I crawled up into the arch of a window where I was out of the rain and could hear the music. When the concert was over a watchman caught sight of me and snaked me to the ground. He made a round of the building, stirring up the tramps who had found any hole out of the way of the wind. So we began once more that dreary, purposeless tramp to keep from freezing.

"Kind of chilly!" a young fellow called out to me.

"Chillier before morning, all right," I growled back, glad enough to hear a voice speaking to me as if it expected an answer.

"First night?" he inquired, coming up close to me in a friendly way. "'Taint been so bad—when it's been warm and the wind didn't blow."

We walked on together slowly, as though we were looking for something. When we came under the light of the lamps in the avenue we eyed each other. My tramp companion was a stout, honest-looking young fellow about my age. His loose-fitting black clothes and collarless shirt made me think that he had come from the country recently.

"Been farming lately?" I ventured.

"Pine Lake, across there in Michigan—that's where I come from. Hostetter, Ed Hostetter, that's my name."

We faced about and headed toward the lake without any purpose. He told me his story, while we dragged ourselves back and forth along the high board fence that guarded the railroad property. He had got tired of working on his father's farm for nothing and had struck out for the big city. Hostetter had a married aunt, so he told me, living somewhere in Chicago, and he had thought to stay with her until he could get a start on fortune's road. But she had moved from her old address, and his money had given out before he knew it. For the last week he had been wandering about the streets, hunting a job and looking sharp for that aunt!

"We can't keep this up all night!" I observed when his story had run out.

"Last night I found an empty over there in the yards, but some of the railroad fellers got hold of me toward morning and made me jump high."

A couple of tramps were crouching low beside the fence just ahead of us. "Watch 'em!" my companion whispered.

Suddenly they burrowed down into the sand and disappeared. We could hear their steps on the other side of the fence; then a gruff voice. In a few moments back they came, burrowing up from under the fence.

"That's what you get!" Ed grunted.

Well, in the end we had to make the best of it, and we camped right there, hugging the fence for protection against the east wind. We burrowed into the loose sand, piling it up on the open side until we were well covered. Now and then a train rushing past shook us awake with its heavy tread. Toward morning there were fewer trains, and though it began to mist pretty hard, and the water trickled into our hole, I managed to get some sleep.

At daylight we got up and shook ourselves, and then wandered miserably into the silent streets of the down-town district. Between us we had fifteen cents, and with that we got some coffee and a piece of bread at a little shanty stuck on the side of the river. A fat man with a greasy, pockmarked face served us, and I can see him now as he looked us over and winked to the policeman who was loafing in the joint.

After our coffee we began the hunt for an odd job, and Ed talked of his hopes of finding that aunt—Mrs. Pierson. We kept together because we were so lonesome, I suppose, and Ed was good company—jolly and happy-hearted. That night we slept on the back porch of an empty house 'way south, where the streets were broad, and there were little strips of green all about the houses. The owners of the large house we chose must have been away for the summer. Toward morning we heard some one stirring around inside, opening and shutting doors, and we made up our minds there were thieves inside.

Ed stayed to watch, while I ran out to the avenue to get some help. It was a long time before I could find a policeman, and when we got back to the house there was Hostetter sitting on the curbstone hugging his belly. One of the thieves had come out of the house the back way, and when Ed tried to hold him had given him such a kick that Ed was glad to let him go. The officer I had brought evidently thought we were playing some game on him or weren't quite straight, because he tried to take us to the station. We gave him a lively chase for a couple of blocks; the last we saw of him he was shaking his fist at us and cussing loud enough to wake the dead.

That day was much like the one before, only worse. The weather was mean and drizzly. I earned a quarter

FEELING THAT I HAD COME TO THE END OF THINGS IN CHICAGO MIGHTY QUICK

lugging a valise across the city, and we eat that up at breakfast. At noon we turned into one of the flashy saloons on State Street. We hoped to be overlooked in the crowd before the bar while we helped ourselves to the crackers and salt fish. We were making out pretty well when a man who was standing near the bar and doing nothing spied us and came over to the lunch-table.

"Wet day," he observed sociably.

"It looks that way," I replied cautiously, looking the man over.

He wore a long black coat, a dirty, light-colored waistcoat, and a silk hat, underneath which little brown curls sprouted out. He fed himself delicately out of the common bowl, as if the free lunch didn't tempt his appetite.

"Seeing the town?" he asked next, looking pointedly at Ed's dirty shoes.

"Some part of it, I reckon," Ed laughed.

"Looking for a job?"

"You bet we're looking!" Ed growled back. "Know where we can find it?"

Before long we were on easy terms with the stranger. He insisted on paying for the beer all around, and on the strength of that Ed and I made another raid on the bowl of beans. Dinner that night didn't look very promising.

"It seems to me I know of the very thing for you young fellers," our friend finally remarked, and we pricked up our ears.

He said he had a friend in one of the large stores on State Street who had found fine places for some young men he had recommended. They were making big money now. Ed's eyes began to glisten. But suddenly another idea struck our good friend. He lowered his voice and drew us to one side. Would one of us like a fat job, where there wasn't much work except special times—a gay kind of place, where we could see something of life. Ed was pretty eager, but I rather suspected what he was after.

"I guess the other place is more what we want," I said.

"Ain't up to snuff just yet?" he giggled. "Wait a week or two, and you will be as quick as the next one."

As we made no reply, and I was moving toward the door, he remarked:

"Sure, it's stopped raining! Let's be moving up the street, and see what my friend can do for you!"

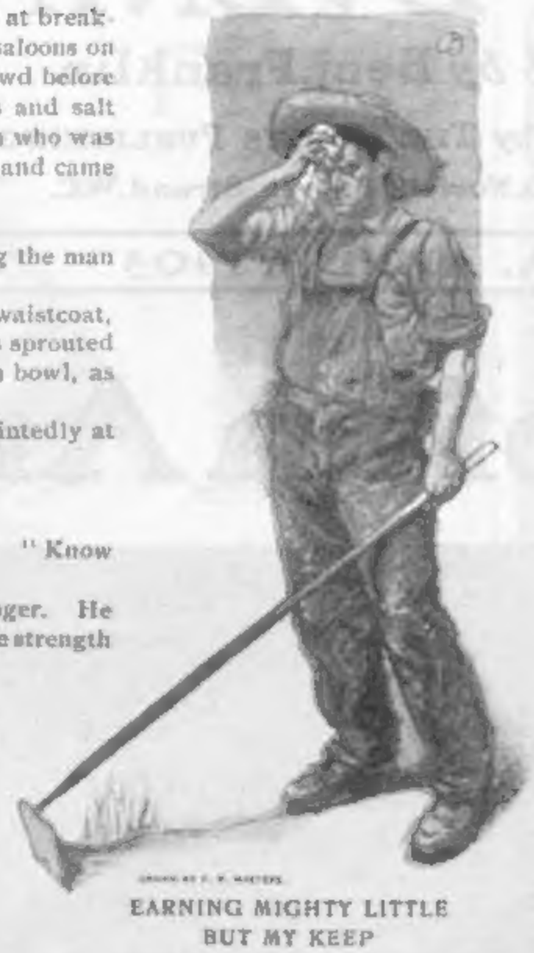
So we started up State Street with our friend in the silk hat. At the door of a big dry-goods store, where we had tried unsuccessfully that morning to obtain work, he remarked:

"We'll just look in here. I know a man in the gents' underwear department, and p'r'aps he can help you."

I didn't think it very likely, for I hadn't much faith in our smooth acquaintance. But there was nothing better to do. So we all passed in through the big doors of Steele & Co.'s establishment. Even on that rainy afternoon the place was pretty well filled, mostly with women, who were bunched together at certain counters. We had some trouble in following our guide, who squirmed into the thick of every jam. I began to think that, having talked big to two green young fellows, he now wanted to give us the slip. But I determined, just to tease him, he shouldn't get out of our sight as easily as he thought to.

The "gents' underwear" department, as I happened to have observed in the morning, was on the State Street side,

"BUT YOU MAY NEED IT. EVERY ONE SAYS IT'S SO HARD TO FIND WORK"



EARNING MIGHTY LITTLE BUT MY KEEP

near the door which we had just entered. Nevertheless, our friend was leading us away from that part and seemed to prefer the most crowded aisles, where "ladies' goods" were displayed. At the glove-counter there was a press of women who were trying to get near a heap of ninety-eight-cent gloves. Our guide was just ahead of us at this point, and at his elbow I noticed an old gentleman and a young lady. The latter, who was trying on a pair of gloves, kept asking the old gentleman a string of questions. He was smiling at her without taking the trouble to reply. The girl was pretty and nicely dressed, and I suppose I must have looked at her hard, for she suddenly glanced up at me and then turned her back and faced the counter. As she turned I noticed something white drop from her hand, and I pressed closer to her to pick it up. It was a little handkerchief. As I reached down I saw a thin hand stretch out around the young lady's waist and then give a little jerk. I had just straightened myself with the handkerchief in my fingers when I heard the young lady exclaim:

"Father! My purse has gone!"

"Why, why!" the old man stammered. "Your purse has gone? Where could it have gone to?"

Just then some one grabbed my arm, and a voice said in my ear:

"Not so slick as that, young feller!"

A man who looked like an official of the store had hold of me.

"Don't make any fuss, and hand over that lady's purse," he added in a low voice.

"I haven't got her purse. I was just going to give her this handkerchief, which I saw her drop," I protested, holding up the silly thing I had picked up from the floor.

"That's all right," the man said with a grin. "And now hand over the purse, too."

He began to feel my pockets, and, of course, I resented his familiarity, and, like a country-jake, kicked up a muss then and there. A crowd began to collect. The floor-manager rushed up at this point, and between them I was hustled across the store and into one of the private offices. The first thing I heard when I got there was the old gentleman just behind me, stuttering, too much excited to talk plain:

"Yes, yes, my daughter's purse! She just lost it!"

"That's all right," I said. "And I saw the fellow who took it. . . ."

"I saw this man take it," I heard the girl say to the manager.

"Yes, yes, my daughter saw the thief take her purse," the old man put in excitedly.

"I was watching him all the time," said the man who had laid hold of me first. "He came in at the State Street entrance a few minutes ago with a green one and an old sneak. I didn't think he had the time to pass the stuff over."

I was cool now, and laughed as the manager and the detective went through my pockets carefully.

"The old one's got the stuff fast enough," the detective remarked disgustedly. "Shall we have this one locked up, Mr. Marble?"

"You'll do it at your risk!" I put in loudly.

"Where's the young woman?" the manager demanded.

"It happened just while my daughter was buying a pair of gloves," the old man began to chatter. "You were asking me, my love . . ."

The young woman looked a little confused, I thought, and not so sure of herself. But she answered the manager's questions by saying promptly:

"He must have taken it!"

"You saw him?" the detective questioned.

"Yes—I must have seen him—I saw him, of course!"

"I don't believe you could have seen me, ma'am," I said with a grin, "for you had just turned your back on me."

"How did you know that?" she asked triumphantly.

"I know it because when I first began to look at you, you didn't like it, and so you turned your back on me to show it."

"You know too much, young man," the manager remarked. "You'll prosecute him?" he added, turning to the old man.

"Prosecute? Why, yes, of course," he stammered; "though, if he hasn't the purse——"

"Come on, m'boy," the detective said to me. "You and I'll take a stroll down the street and find a good night's lodging for you."

That was before the day of patrol-wagons. So the detective locked his right arm securely in my left, and in this intimate fashion we walked through the streets to the police-station.

When we reached that foul-smelling pen we were kept waiting by a large "order" that had just been rounded up from a gambling-house in the neighborhood. There were about twenty men and women in this flock. They were filing, one by one, before the desk-sergeant. I had never heard such a family gathering of names. They were all Smiths, Browns, and Joneses, and they all lived a good way from town, out in the fifty-hundreds, where there are many vacant lots. At the end of the file there was a little unshaven Jew, who seemed very mad about it all. He was the only one who had any money: he gave up a fat roll of bills that took the officer some time to count.

"I know who did this!" the Jew sputtered at the man behind the desk. "And I can make it hot for some of youse, all right."

"That's good," the sergeant replied pleasantly. "Another time you'll have the sense to know when you are well off."

I thought this was fatherly advice addressed to the Jew for his moral health. I congratulated myself that I had fallen into clean hands. I said to the desk-sergeant confidently:

"I am quite innocent!"

"Is that so, m'son?" he remarked pleasantly.

"They haven't any right to arrest me. I was——"

"Of course, of course! Keep all that for his Honor to-morrow morning. What's your name, m'son?"

"E. V. Harrington," I replied quite innocently.

"And where do you hail from?"

"Jasonville, Indiana."

It did not occur to me then that, guilty or innocent, it made no difference after I had given my real name and home.

I BELIEVE SHE WOULD HAVE LET ME KISS HER

Thanks to the enterprise of metropolitan journalism, the folks in Jasonville, Indiana, would be reading all about how I was a thief at their breakfast to-morrow morning.

"Here!" the fat sergeant called out to one of the officers, after I had handed over to his care the few odds and ends that I still had about me; "show the gent from Indiany to number twelve."

CHAPTER II

THERE was a greasy bench at one end of number twelve, where I sat myself down, feeling that I had come to the end of things in Chicago mighty quick. A measly gas-jet above the door showed what a stinking hole I had got myself into. I could hear the gambling party across the way, laughing and talking, taking their lot rather easily. Pretty soon a man was put into the cell next mine. He kept groaning about his head. "My head," he would say, "oh, my head! My head! Oh, my head!" until I thought my own head was going wrong.

I wondered what had become of Hostetter. Apparently he had cleared out when he saw his chance friend getting into trouble. Perhaps he thought I had been working with our

smooth acquaintance all along. Then I thought what a fool I had been to give my real name and town to the desk-sergeant. To-morrow the wise ones down in Jasonville would be calling Van Harrington bad names all over again, and thinking how clever they had been.

Some bad-smelling mess was shoved at me for supper, but I had no stomach for food, good or bad. The jail quieted down after a time, but I couldn't sleep. My mind was full of the past, of everything that had happened to me from the beginning. Only forty-eight hours before I had been tramping my way into the city, as keen as a hungry steer for all the glory I saw there ahead of me under the bank of smoke that was Chicago. Boylike, I had looked up at the big packing-houses, the factories, the tall elevators that I passed, and thought how one day I should be building my fortune out of them as others had built theirs before me. And the end of that boyish dream was this bed in a jail!

The next morning they hustled us all into court. I was crowded into the pen along with some of the numerous Smiths and Joneses who hadn't been able to secure bail the night before. These were disposed of first in the way of routine business, together with a few drunks and disorderlies. There were also in the pen some sickly-looking fellows who had been taken up for smoking opium in a Chinese cellar, a woman in whose house there had been a robbery, and a well-dressed man with a bandage over one eye. He must have been my neighbor of the bad head.

The courtroom was pretty well jammed with these prisoners, the police officers, and a few loafers. The air smelled like a sewer, and the windows were foul with dirt. The judge was a good-looking, youngish man, with a curling black mustache, and he wore a diamond-studded circlet around his necktie. Behind the judge on the platform sat the young woman whose purse I was accused of stealing, and her father. She saw me when I was brought into the pen, but tried not to let me know it, looking away all the time.

When I arrived on the scene the judge was administering an oath to a seedy-looking man, who kissed eagerly the filthy Bible and began to mumble something in a hurry to the judge.

"Yes, I know that pipe-dream," his Honor interrupted pleasantly. "Now, tell me the straight story of what you have been doing since you were here last week."

"You insult me, Judge," the prisoner replied haughtily. "I'm an educated man, a graduate of a great institution of learning. You know your Horace, Judge?"

"Not so well as the revised statutes of the State of Illinois," his Honor snapped back with what I thought was a lack of respect for learning. "Two months. Next!"

"Why, Judge——"

There was a titter in the courtroom as the graduate of a great university was led from the pen. His Honor, wearing the same easy smile, was already listening to the next case. He flecked off a stray particle of soot that had lodged on the big pink in his buttonhole as he remarked casually:

"Is that so? Twenty-five dollars. It will be fifty the next time."

The judge nodded blandly to the prisoner and turned to my neighbor of the night, the man who had had so much trouble with his head. I was getting very uneasy. That smiling gentleman up there on the bench seemed to have his mind made up about most folks beforehand, and it didn't seem to be favorably inclined this morning. I was beginning to wonder how many months he had me down for in his mind. It didn't add to my peace of mind to see him chatting genially with the old gentleman and his daughter as he listened to the poor criminals at the bar. So his Honor went on disposing of the last cases at a rapid rate, with a smile, a nod, a joke—and my time was coming nearer. The sweat rolled down my cheeks; I couldn't keep my eyes off the young lady's face. Somehow I felt that she was my only hope of safety. Finally the judge leaned back in his chair and smelled his pink, as if he had finished his morning's work.

The clerk called: "E. V. Harrington." I jumped.

"Well, Edward?" the judge inquired pleasantly as I stood before him. "The first time we have had the pleasure, I believe?"

I mumbled something, and the store detective began to tell his story.

"Is that it, doctor?" the judge asked the old man.

"Why, I suppose so—I don't know. He was caught in the act, wasn't he?"

Then, as he sat down, he added peevishly: "At least, that's what my daughter says, and she ought to know. It was her purse, and she got me down here this morning."

"How about it, miss?" the judge asked quickly, wheeling his chair the other way and smiling at the young lady. "Did you see the prisoner here take your purse?"

"Why, of course——" She was just going to say yes, when her eyes caught mine for a moment, and she hesitated.

"No, I didn't exactly see him, but——" Her look swept haughtily over my head. "But he was very close to me and was stooping down just as I felt a jerk at my belt. And then the purse was gone. He must have taken it!"

"Stooping to beauty, possibly?" the judge suggested.

"Stooping to pick up the lady's handkerchief, which I saw her drop," I ventured to put in, feeling that in another moment I should find myself blown into prison with a joke.

"Oh! So you were picking up the lady's handkerchief? Very polite, I am sure!" His Honor glared at me for an instant for the first time. "And you thought you might as well take the purse, too? For a keepsake, eh?"

He had wheeled around to face me. A sentence was on his lips. I could feel it coming, and hadn't an idea how to keep it back. I looked helplessly at the young woman. Just as his Honor opened his mouth to speak she exclaimed:

"I GUESS SHE DON'T WANT MUCH TO SEE YOU"

"Wait a moment! I am not sure—he doesn't look bad. I thought, Judge, you could tell whether he had really taken my purse," she ended reproachfully.

"Do you consider me a mind-reader, miss?" the judge retorted, suspending that sentence in mid-air.

"Let him say something! Let him tell his story!" the young lady urged. "Perhaps he isn't guilty, after all. I am sure he doesn't look it."

"Why, Sarah!" the old gentleman gasped in astonishment. "You said this morning at breakfast that you were sure he had stolen it."

Here the detective put in his oar.

"I know him and the old one—they're old sneaks, your Honor."

"That's a lie!" I said, finding my tongue at last.

"Good!" the judge exclaimed appreciatively. "I am inclined to think so, too, Edward," he went on, adjusting his diamond circlet with one finger. "This young lady thinks you have a story of your own. Have you?"

"Yes, I have, and a straight one, too," I answered, plucking up my courage.

"Of course," he grunted sarcastically. "Well, let's have it, but make it short."

It did sound rather lame when I came to tell what I had done with myself since I had entered the city. When I got to that part about the house where Ed and I had been disturbed by thieves the old gentleman broke in:

"Bless my soul! That must be the Wordens' house. The officer said there were two suspicious characters who ran away up the boulevard. This fellow must be one of them. Of course he took the purse! You know the Wordens, don't you, Judge?"

His Honor merely nodded to the old gentleman, smiled at the young lady, and said to me:

"Go on, young man! Tell us why you left home in the first place."

I got red all over again at this invitation, and was taken with a new panic.

"Who are your folks? What's the name of the place?" the judge asked encouragingly.

"Jasonville, Indiana."

"What's the matter with Jasonville, Edward?" he asked more sharply. "Why do you blush for it?"

"I had rather not tell with all these folks around," I answered, looking at the young lady.

His Honor must have found something in my case a little out of his ordinary experience, for he took me back into his own room. He got me started on my story, and one thing led to another. His manner changed all of a sudden: he no longer tried to be smart, and he seemed to have plenty of time. After that long night in the jail I wanted to talk. So I told his Honor just how it had been with me from the beginning.

CHAPTER III

THE Harringtons were pretty well known in Greene County, Indiana. Father moved to Jasonville just after the war, when the place was not much more than a crossroads with a prospect of a railroad sometime. Ours was the first brick house, built after the kind he and mother used to know back in York State. And he set up the largest general store in that district and made money. Then he lost most of it when the oil boom first came.

Mother and he set great store by education—if father hadn't gone to the war he wouldn't have been keeping a country store—and they helped start the first township high-school in our part of the State. And he sent Will, my older brother, and me to the Methodist school at Eureka, which was the best he could do for us. There wasn't much learning to be had in Eureka "College," however: the two or three old preachers and women who composed the faculty were too busy trying to keep the boys from playing cards and smoking or chewing to teach us much.

Perhaps I was a bit of a hoodlum as a boy, anyway. The trouble started with the judge—Judge Sorrell. He was a local light, who held a mortgage on 'most everything in town, including our store—after father went into oil. We boys had always heard at home how hard and mean the judge was, and dishonest, too; for in some of the oil deals he had tricked folks out of their property. It wasn't so strange, then, that we youngsters took liberties with the judge's belongings that the older folks did not dare to. The judge's fine stock used to come in from the field done up, raced to death, and the orchard by the creek just out of town (which had belonged to us once) rarely brought a good crop to maturity. We made ourselves believe that the judge didn't really own it, and treated him as a trespasser. So one night, when the judge made a hasty visit to our house after one of the "raids," my father found me in bed with a wet suit of clothes on, which I had been forced to sacrifice in the creek. The end of that lark was that father had to pay a good sum for my private interpretation of the laws of property, and I spent the rest of the summer on a farm doing a man's work.

Perhaps if it hadn't been for that ducking in the river and what followed I might have come out just a plain thief. While I was sweating on that farm I saw the folly of running against common notions about property. Another time, if I wanted what my neighbor considered to be his, I must get the law to do the business for me. It dawned on me how wonderful is that system which shuts up one man in jail for taking a few dollars' worth of truck that doesn't belong to him, and honors the man who steals his millions—if he robs in the legal way! Yes, the old judge knocked some good worldly sense into me.

Nevertheless, old Sorrell needn't have hounded me after I came back to Jasonville, and carry his malice to the point of keeping me from getting a job when I was hoping to make a fair start so that I could ask May Rudge to marry me. But that was some time later.

May was one of that handful of young women who in those days stood being sneered at for wanting to go to college with their brothers. We were in the same classes at Eureka two years before I noticed her much. She was little and pale and delicate—with serious, cold gray eyes, and a mouth that was always laughing at you. I can see to-day the very spot where she stood when I first spoke to her. Good weather I used to drive over from father's to Eureka, and one spring morning I happened to drive by the Rudge farm on my way to school instead of taking the pike, which was

shorter. There was a long level stretch of road, straightaway between two pieces of green meadow, and there, ahead of me, I saw the girl, walking steadily, looking neither to the right nor to the left. I slowed up with the idea that she would give me a nod or a word; but she kept her pace as though she were thinking of things too far off to notice a horse and buggy on the road. I wanted to make her speak. Pretty soon I said:

"Won't you ride to school with me, Miss May?"

Then she turned her head, not the least flustered like other girls, and looked me square in the eye for a minute. I knew she was wondering what made me speak to her then, for the boys at school never took notice of the college girls. But she got into the buggy and sat prim and solemn by my side. We jogged along between the meadows, which were bright with flowers and the soft, green grass of spring. The big timber along the roadside and between the pasture-lands had just leaved out, and the long branches hung daintily in the mist. All of a sudden I felt mighty happy to be there with her. I think her first words were—"Do you come this way often?"

"Perhaps I shall be coming this way oftener now," I said.

Her lips trembled in a little ironical smile, and the least bit of red sprung into her white face. I said, "It isn't as short as the pike, but it is a prettier road."

The smile deepened, and I had it on my tongue to say, "I shall be coming this way every morning if you will ride with me." But I was afraid of that smiling mouth!

(Of course, I didn't tell his Honor all this, but I add it now, together with other matters that concern me and belong here. It will help to explain what happened later.)

So that fine spring morning, when I was seventeen, I first took note of what a woman is. The rest of that year I used to drive the prim little girl back and forth between her father's farm and school. I was no scholar like her and she never went about with the other girls to parties. She wasn't in the least free and easy with the boys. In those days most girls didn't think much of a fellow who wouldn't take his chances to kiss them when he could. Evenings, when we called, we used to pull the parlor door to and sit holding hands with the young woman of our admiration. And no harm ever came of it that I know: most of those girls made good wives when the time came, for all they were easy and tender and ready to make love in the days of their youth.

But once, when I tried to put my arm about May Rudge, as we were driving along the lonely road, she turned and looked at me out of those cold, gray eyes. Her mouth rippled in that little ironical way, as if she were laughing down in her mind. She never said a word or pulled away from me, but I didn't care to go on.

May gave me ambition, and she made me want to be steady and good, though she never said anything about it. But now and then I would break away and get myself into some fool scrape. Such was the time when I came back from a Terre Haute party pretty light-headed, and went to call on the old Methodist president of the college. I don't remember what happened then, but the next morning at chapel the old boy let loose on "wine and wantoning," and called me by name. I knew that I had done for myself at Eureka, and I was pretty mad to be singled out for reprobation from all the offenders. I got up from my seat and walked out while the school stared. As I was getting my horse from the place where I kept it May Rudge walked into the yard.

"You aren't going this way?" she demanded quickly.

"I don't see as there's much use waiting for bouquets."

"You aren't going without apologizing!" she flashed out.

To tell the truth, that had never occurred to me. It seemed she cared less for the disgrace than for the way I took it. So in the end, before I left town, I drove up to the president's house, apologized, and got my dismissal in due form, and was told I should go to hell unless I was converted straightway. Then May drove down the street with me in face of the whole school, who contrived to be there to see what would happen.

"I guess this ends my education, and being a lawyer, and all that," I said gloomily, as we got near the Rudge farm. "Dad will never forgive this. He thinks rum is the best road to hell, the same as the old preacher. He won't sell a glass of cider in the store."

"There's other kinds of work," she answered. "You can show them just the same you know what's right."

"But you'll never marry a man who isn't educated," I said boldly.

"I'll never marry a man who hasn't principles—and religion," she replied without a blush.

"So I must be good and pious, as well as educated?"

"You must be a man"—and her lips curved ironically—"and now you are just a boy."

But I held her hand when I helped her from the buggy, and I believe she would have let me kiss her had I wanted to then.

Father and mother took my expulsion from school very hard, as I expected. Father especially—who had begun to brag somewhat at the store about my being a lawyer and beating the judge out—was so bitter that I told him if he would give me fifty dollars I would go off somewhere and never trouble him again.

"You ask me to give you fifty dollars to go to hell with!" he shouted out.

"Put me in the store, then, and let me earn it. Give me the same money you give Will."

But father didn't want me around the store for folks to see. So I had to go out to a farm once more, to a place that father was working on shares with a Swede. I spent the better part

(Continued on Page 21)

THE ELOPEMENT

"MY DEAR," SAID I, "WHAT IS IT?"

A Romance in Which Cupid Plays the Graybeard

By ZONA GALE

IN SPRING, when the mornings are fine, Peleas and I take a book and cross the street to the park and sit there for an hour, pretending happily to read. But any one who could read in the park in spring must have left behind far more than our seventy years.

But a book is pleasant company of a spring morning, even if one never opens it—providing only that it be the right book. I remember that Peleas once took down, as he supposed, a volume of well-beloved essays to carry with us; and by accident we discovered, when we had reached the park, that he had brought a doctor's book instead. It was such a wonderful morning that we did not intend to read, yet we were both miserable until Peleas went back to exchange it. I cannot tell why it was, but certain little voices would not sing in the presence of that musty, fusty old volume. When Peleas had returned with the well-beloved book they all drew near at once. For myself, I would not so much as go in the neighborhood of the jonquil-beds with a stupid author.

One morning I selected my book with especial care, for Peleas was obliged to go downtown immediately after breakfast. This happens about three times a year, but the occasions are very important, and Nichola, our old servant, and I make a vast ado over his departure, and flutter about him until he pretends distraction, though we well know how flattered he is. Nichola even runs after him on the street with a newspaper to be read on the elevated, though we all three know that, even with both pairs of spectacles, he cannot possibly read on the jolting car. But he folds the paper and thanks Nichola, and, as I believe, sits with the paper open before him all the way down to Rector Street.

On this particular morning Peleas left very early, and I arrived in the park when it was not yet a playground and a place for loitering, but a busy causeway for the first pedestrians. I found a favorite bench, near a great wilding mass of Forsythia, with a curve of walk and a cherry tree in plain sight. There I sat with my open book, looking away over the blinding green, and the sun and the soft odors had well-nigh lulled me asleep. Ah—you young who wonder why the very dead do not awake in spring, let me tell you that one has only to be seventy to find spring sleep a delicate allurement!

I was awakened by the last thing which, awake or asleep, one would expect to hear on a morning in spring; a sound which was, in fact, an act of high treason to be tried in a court of all the daffodils. It was a sob.

I opened my eyes with a start, half expecting that some good fairy had planted some seeds which, failing to come up on the instant, had made her petulant. The sob, however, was that of no fairy. It proceeded from a very human Little Nursemaid who sat at the extreme end of my bench, crying her eyes out. I could not see her face, but her exquisitely neat little blue gown and crisp white cap, cuffs and apron were a delight. She had a fresh pink drawn through her belt. But both plump hands were over her eyes, and she was crying to break her heart. Her Little Charge sat solemnly by in a go-cart, regarding her, and dangling a pet elephant by one leg. The elephant, I may add, presented a very singular appearance, through having lost large patches of its cloth and having been mended by grafting on selections from the outside of some woolly sheep.

I was in doubt what to do; but, when I am not sure about offering my sympathy, I always scan the victim to see if she

"MAKIN' A EGG-PHOSPHATE FOR A OLE GENTLEMAN"

shows any signs of "niceness." If she does I know that my sympathy will not come amiss. The sight of that fresh pink determined me: Little Nursemaid was "nice."

"My dear," said I, "what is it?"

This sounds as if I have no dignity. I have, up to the moment that some one cries, and then I maintain that dignity loses its point. There is a perfectly well-bred dignity that has hurt more hearts than ever sympathy has bound up—but you do not learn that until you are seventy, and then no one listens to what you have learned.

Little Nursemaid showed me one eye, blue as her gown.

"Nothink, ma'am," said she shamelessly, and fell to sobbing anew.

"Nonsense," said I gently, "you are not crying for nothing, are you?"

Think of the times that all the women in the world require to have that said to them!

Little Charge whimpered slightly as if to say that he could cry all day if he chose, and only be scolded for his pains. He was doubtless justly aggrieved at my sympathy for a performance that was stolen from his own province. Little Nursemaid pushed the go-cart with her foot—such a trim little well-shod foot, *without* openwork stockings.

"Tell me about it," I urged with even more persuasiveness. "Perhaps I could help you, you know."

She shook her head. No; nobody could help her.

"Is it that some one is dead?" I asked.

No; no one was dead.

"Well, then!" I exclaimed triumphantly, "that is all I need to know. Tell me—and we can do *something*, at any rate."

Bit by bit she told me, pulling at her trim little cuffs, twirling the head of the pink, rolling the go-cart until Little Charge smiled as upon an unexpectedly beneficent world.

And the trouble was—bless my old heart, how it seemed to beat in a new rhythm as I listened!—the trouble was that Little Nursemaid had intended to elope that very day, and now she couldn't!

Cornelia Emmeline Ayres—for so she subsequently told me that she was called—was, by her own admission, pathetically situated.

"I am a orphan nursemaid, ma'am," she confessed, shaking her brown head in pleasant self-pity.

Briefly, she was living with a well-to-do family, just off the avenue, who had cared for her mother in her last illness and had taken charge of Cornelia herself when she was a child. She had grown up in the family as that most pitiful of all creatures, an unpaid dependent, who is supposed to have all the advantages of a home and in reality has only its discomforts. Until a year ago the life of the little maid had been colorless enough—and then the Luminous Inevitable happened. He was a young drug clerk. He had had two "rises" of salary within seven months—probably, I surmised, averaging some seventy-five cents each. And she had fourteen dollars of her own.

"Well, well," said I in bewilderment, "what more do you want? Why wait?"

"Oh, ma'am," sobbed Cornelia Emmeline, "it's the unthankfulness I'm bothered about. Why, She raised me, an' I just can't a-bear to leave Her like this."

"What does She say about it?" I inquired, gathering from the reverential tone of the pronoun that the Shrewd Benefactress was in her mind. Oh, these women whose charity takes the form of unpaid servants who have "homes" in return!

"That's just it, ma'am. She won't hear to it," said Cornelia Emmeline sadly. "She says I'm too young to have the care of a home."

I looked at the stout proportions of Little Charge, who had to be carried and lifted all day.

"So you planned to elope?" I tempted her on. "And why didn't you?"

Then her heart overflowed.

"We was to go to the church to-night," she sobbed. "Evan,' he told the m-m-minister, an' I was goin' to wear my new p-p-plum-color' dress, an' it was a-goin' to be at six-fifteen. Evan has a hour off at six. An' th-then th-this morning She gimme a bright fifty cents an' a watered ribbin—an' oh, ma'am, I just can't a-bear to go an' do it!"

So—Benefactress was even shrewder than I had thought!

"Have you told him?" I asked, feeling with Evan the hopelessness of competing with "a bright fifty cents an' a watered ribbin."

She nodded speechlessly for a moment.

"Jus' now," she burst out finally. "I went to the drug store an' told him. He d-d-didn't say a word, but he jus' went on makin' a egg-phosphate, in a heartbroke way, for a ole gentleman. He never l-l-looked at me again."

I sat in sad silence, going over the principal points of the narrative. Nothing in the world makes me so sorrowful as the very ordinary sight of two young lovers juggling with their future. For there are so few chances for happiness in every life—"and that hardly"—and yet upon these, irreverent hands are constantly laid, and all the rainbow and butterfly hues despoiled. Thereafter the two despoilers are wont to proclaim happiness a bubble. I do not know if that be true—but say that it *is* a bubble! Is it not better to have so luminous and beautiful a thing ever trembling over your heads than to see, through your tears, its shining fragments float away? If happiness be a bubble, Peleas and I know of one that has outlasted many a stouter element and will last to the end. Yet what can Seventy say of this to Seventeen? It can only wring withered hands and point mutely, and Seventeen has but one answer: "But *this* is different!" I could have shaken Cornelia Emmeline had it not been for our brief acquaintance.

As I sat going over this, and pulling at the fringe of my reticule, the last words that she had spoken began to assert themselves with a vague, new significance.

"He d-d-didn't say a word, but he jus' went on makin' a egg-phosphate, in a heartbroke way, for a ole gentleman," she had said. My attention had been so fixed on the image of Evan, behind the counter, that a supreme coincidence had escaped me.

I grasped Cornelia Emmeline by the arm—I have dignity, I repeat, but not in the face of such a sorrow as this.

"What drug store?" I inquired.

There was only one in the world for her, so she knew what I meant.

"How long ago were you there to tell him?" I asked next, breathlessly.

Cornelia Emmeline thought that it might have been a matter of twenty minutes.

"The very same!" I cried, and fell to smiling at Little Nursemaid in a fashion that would have bewildered her had she not been so occupied in wiping her eyes.

For who in the world should be the old gentleman of the egg-phosphate but Peleas?

Had I not, morning after morning, waited in that very drug store, amusing myself before a glass case of cheat-protectors, while Peleas drank his egg-phosphate, which he loathed? And so that handsome, curly-headed, long-lashed youngster who fizzed and bubbled among his delicacies with such dexterity was none other than Evan! Why, indeed, he was a friend of Peleas. Peleas had given him a red muffler of his own only last Christmas.

I do not know whether you have what I call the quality of making mental ends meet when you ought to be concerned with soberer matters. For myself, being a very idle and foolish and meddlesome old woman, I can not only make them meet, but I can tie them into bow-knots—veritable little love-knots, in fact. And so I did now, sitting there on the bench in the sweet spring sunshine with the fragrance of the Forsythia and cherry blossoms in my face, my eyes fixed on the all-wool elephant of Little Charge. And yet, remembering now, I do disown that plan; for I swear that it came pealing to me from some little secret bell in the glad air—and what could I, a most unwise and helpless old woman, do against such magic?

"Don't you want to tell me," said I shyly, "how you had planned your elopement? It will do no harm to talk about it, at any rate."

Little Nursemaid liked to talk about it. With many a sob and sigh she brought forth her poor little plans, made with such trembling delight, and all come to naught. They were to have met that very night, at precisely a quarter-past six, at the door of a little chapel that I knew well. The young curate had been engaged by Evan, and a "little couple" who lived over the drug store were to be witnesses. The new plum-color' dress figured extensively and repeatedly in the account. Then they were to have marched straight and boldly to the Benefactress and proclaimed their secret, and Evan was to be back behind the counter at seven o'clock, while Cornelia Emmeline would be in time to put Little Charge to bed, as usual. The remainder of their lives, so far as I could determine, did not enter importantly into the transaction. The main thing was to be married.

And all this bright castle had toppled down before the onslaught of "a bright fifty cents an' a watered ribbin." Ah, Cornelia Emmeline! Yet she truly loved him—mark you, if I had not believed in that I would have left her to the solitary company of Little Charge and the all-wool elephant. But, since I did believe in that, I could not see those two dear little people make a mess of everything. For never let any one tell you that if two really love each other things will come out right in spite of everything. *Things may not!* Look in the lonely faces that you meet in the park, and see if they have.

"It is too bad," said I innocently; "and let me tell you what I suggest. You'll be very lonely to-night about six o'clock—and you will probably cry and be asked questions. Don't you want to run down to my house for a few minutes and help me? I have something most important to do."

I had much trouble to keep from laughing at that "something most important to do."

Cornelia Emmeline promised readily and gratefully. She always had that hour to herself, it appeared, because then He came home—the husband of Benefactress, I inferred—and wanted Little Charge to himself before dinner. That was such a pleasant circumstance that I began to feel kindly toward even the Shrewd Benefactress—and "Him." But I did not relent. I made Cornelia Emmeline promise, and I saw that she had my card tucked away for safe-keeping, and when we had talked a while longer about the danger of "unthankfulness," and the prospects of drug clerks, Little Charge suddenly straightened out stiffly in the go-cart and demanded his "bread'n'butter'n'sugar." So she took him

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SO THERE WE WERE, SNUG AS A PLANNED-OUT WEDDING

Mr. Hamshaw's Love Affair

In Which Three Hearts Seem to Beat as One

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

MR. HAMSHAW was short, bald, pudgy—and fifty-seven. Besides all this, he was a bachelor, and a jolly one, at the time when this narrative opens. He lived in apartments pretty well downtown, where he was looked after with scrupulous care by a Japanese valet and an Irish "cook-lady." Mr. Hamshaw was forever discharging his valet and forever reëngaging him. Sago persistently refused to leave at the hour set for his departure, and Mr. Hamshaw finally came to discharge him every evening in order that he might be sure to find him at his post in the morning. Regularly he would call Sago into the den, very red in the face over some wholly imaginary provocation.

"This ends it, Sago! You go! I've stood it as long as I can—or will. You leave the place to-night, sir—bag and baggage. I don't want to see your face again. Understand?"

"Yes, sir; very well, sir," Sago would respond with perfect equanimity. Sago engaged to be very, very English at such distinguished times.

"You go to-night."

"Yes, Mr. Hamshaw. May I ask what I have done to displease you, sir?"

"Never mind, sir! I'll tell you to-morrow. Don't bother me about it to-day. And, say, if you don't press this dinner coat of mine before to-morrow night I'll discharge you without a recommendation."

"Very good, sir."

Once when Sago threatened to leave unless Ellen, the cook, was dismissed, poor Mr. Hamshaw had a most uncomfortable half-hour. Young Mr. Goodrich from the bank was dining with him at the time. Now it was quite as hard to get rid of Ellen, notwithstanding the fact that she was constantly on the verge of leaving of her own accord, as it was to discharge Sago. The host prayed down to his comfortable boots that the threats of Sago might not grow louder than confidential hisses as he passed behind his chair in the capacity of butler, but he was counting without Ellen. There was a long, painful interval between courses, and then Ellen marched in from the kitchen, majestically attired for the street.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hamshaw, but this toime I go for fair. It's aither me or the Chinee——"

"Blawst yer eyes!" snarled Sago in his very best English, mightily incensed.

"But, Ellen——" began Mr. Hamshaw, bowled over.

"Don't beg me to stay," she cried, glaring at Sago, who glared back safely from behind Mr. Goodrich's chair. "The dago has insulted me for the last toime. I'm sorry, sor, it had to come roight in the middle of dinner, sor, but it couldn't wait."

"Can't you subdue yourself till morning, Ellen? It is——"

"I can subjue meself, sor, but who the divil is to subjue the Malay? He's gone too far this——"

"I've only been doing my duty, sir," inserted Sago, drawing the salad-spoon through his hand very much as a Samurai would have drawn a sword. "Ellen she—I mean her didn't——"

"Never mind, never mind," groaned Mr. Hamshaw, at bay. "You may both go. I fire—I discharge both of you! I'm sure, Mr. Goodrich, you will overlook this unfortunate——"

"Discharge me, sor?" half shrieked Ellen. "I never was discharged from a place in me loife! I won't stand for it! I'll lave, but I'll not be discharged. It's Sago that has to be discharged—not me."

"Discharge both of them, Mr. Hamshaw," advised Goodrich amiably. "I know where you can get an excellent cook and——"

"Oh, you do, eh? With recommindations, too, I suppose!" sniffed Ellen in a fine flare.

"The very best, my good woman."

"Well, I'd loike to see them," announced Ellen loyally. "No wan can cook for Mr. Hamshaw unless she gives the best of characters."

"She's a Japanese woman," explained Mr. Goodrich, "and they're said to be the best cooks in the world."

"The divil a step will I take out of this place to make way for a haythen Jap." She began taking off her hat. "I'll have the squab on in a minute, Mr. Hamshaw, and *I'll* serve it, too." This last with a deadly look at Sago. "He says he'll quit if *I* don't. Well, I *don't!*"

"Will you make the dressing for the salad, sir, or shall I?" politely inquired Sago, ignoring Ellen completely.

"Have you decided to stay long enough for that purpose?" demanded Mr. Hamshaw.

"I have given notice, sir, that Ellen has to go," said Sago soberly.

"And I refuse to go for the loikes of you," retorted Ellen with great dignity.

"Then, Mr. Hamshaw, I shall remain until she *does* go. But go she must."

"I'll go when I get good and ready, Mr. Sago."

"We'll have the squab now, Sago," said Mr. Hamshaw.

"Very good, sir."

It was quite an old story among the members of the club, especially those who knew Mr. Hamshaw intimately, that he had once felt the inclination to take unto himself a wife. That, of course, was years and years ago, and it is hardly necessary to remark that the young woman, whoever she may have been, was not possessed of a responsive inclination. Result: Mr. Hamshaw not only refrained from marrying any one in all the subsequent years but astutely prevented any one from marrying him. It was quite true that at fifty-seven he was not a thing of beauty, but he had a heart of gold and was beloved by all the men and children who knew him. Certainly it is quite doubtful if he could have been all this had he married even the woman of his choice.

"MAY I ASK WHAT I HAVE DONE TO DISPLEASE YOU, SIR?"

WHEN MR. HAMSHAW OPENED HIS EYES, MARIE WAS STANDING NEAR BY WITH AMMONIA AND WET TOWELS

One day there came to the big apartment-house where lived Mr. Hamshaw and his two servants a most uncommon hullabaloo and sensation. It was an unheard-of proceeding for a tenant to move out of this amiable and exclusive establishment, and, naturally, it was impossible for any one to move in. Of course, however, such contingencies as births, weddings and funerals could not be provided against, and it was due entirely to the advent of a bride that the aforesaid uproar occurred. A widower on the second floor took unto himself a widow, and she was now being moved in with all her goods and chattels.

It would appear that the new Mrs. Gladding did not approve of her husband's furniture, his servants, or his own flesh and blood. As a consequence, they were departing jointly, and in their stead came substitutes from her former apartments in Eads Avenue. Mr. Gladding's two grown-up sons were shuffled off to bachelor quarters downtown and their rooms were turned over to Mrs. Gladding's two grown-up daughters—just out in society. The transfer was over at last, and, to the intense gratification of Mr. Hamshaw, the big building saw the last of its moving-vans, its plumbers and decorators, and the new Gladdings were as quietly ensconced as the old had been. It was not until the end of the second week thereafter that Mr. Hamshaw had his first glimpse of the two débutantes—the young Misses Frost.

But that one glimpse was his undoing.

All those years of constancy to his original inclination were blotted out as if by magic. His primeval affection was uprooted, turned over, and then jolted unceremoniously out of existence. One divided glimpse had restored vigor to his waning passion, and it flamed with all the fury of coals that have smoldered long and lazily. The one distressing condition attached to this pleasant and refreshing restoration was the fact that he succumbed not to one, but to both, of the Misses Frost—succumbed heartily and bodily, without the faintest hope of discrimination. He was in love with both at first sight. For the life of him he could not tell which he had seen first.

That very evening at the dinner hour he rode up and down in the elevator no less than a dozen times, and each time as he passed the second floor he hopefully but surreptitiously peered forth at the Gladdings' door. Once the car stopped to take some one on at this floor, and his dear old heart gave an enormous throb of anticipation, turning to disappointment an instant later when a messenger-boy slouched in.

"Find 'em at home?" asked the elevator-boy.

"Sure. Say, dey're wonders, ain't dey, dese society girls? I don't blame people fer sendin' 'em violets."

Mr. Hamshaw could have slain No. 329 for his familiarity, but lost the opportunity in wondering what the young ladies would think if they received 10,000 violets from an unnamed sender. For days, be it said in all solemnity, Mr. Hamshaw waited and watched

for glimpses of the young ladies—princesses he was calling them down in the neighborhood of his rejuvenated heart. He neglected his business, ate at the most irregular hours, and finally gave himself up to the astonishing habit of walking up and down five flights of stairs. Sago and Ellen, united in worrying over these idiosyncrasies, were troubled deep down in their consciences.

Their master took to standing out in front of the main entrance on bitterly cold days, smoking cigar after cigar. He said, in explanation, that it was unhealthy to smoke indoors. Twice in as many weeks he had glimpses of the young ladies. On both occasions they walked briskly past him with their pretty noses in the air. It was evident that they disdained carriages and street cars, for they struck off downtown with the stride of athletes.

"By Jove, they're fine specimens!" murmured Mr. Hamshaw, admiring their bonny figures from the doorway.

It is quite natural that he should have kept his secret from Sago and Ellen. Sooner would he have died than permit these staunch guardians to grasp the whole truth concerning his—he even felt guilty enough to call it "foolish"—infatuation. If the Misses Frost received frequent offerings of rare violets from an unmentioned source they were not so puzzled that they could find no one to thank, even though it surprised the innocent young man in the extreme. If they took notice of the stout, bald old gentleman who shuffled his feet and looked conscious when they strode past it was not for him to know at that stage of the game. He felt so small after the weary weeks of watching that he went and had himself weighed, devoutly certain that he had shrunk respectably. He even went in for a savage system of training, calculated to reduce his avoirdupois to the point at which it might still be noticeable but not avoided in general conversation.

One day, while he was swinging along through the park, a mile and a half from home, trying to take off a few of the pounds that made him impossible to the willowy Misses Frost, he unexpectedly came upon his dual affinity. In his agitation he narrowly escaped being run down by a base and unsympathetic cab operated by a profane person who seldom shaved. As it was, he lost his hat. The wind whirled it over the ground much faster than he could sprint, with all his training, and brought it up against a bush in front of the young women. One of them sprang forward and snatched it up before it could resume its flight. Mr. Hamshaw came up puffing and confused, but radiant.

"Thank you, thank you, ever so much!" he panted. "Never mind the dust. It's been dusty before. Besides, it's an old one. I have a better one at home, and a silk——"

He brought himself up with a jerk, realizing that he was jabbering like a fool. The young women were polite and respectful. Not a sign of derision appeared in their faces.

"Fierce wind, isn't it?" asked one of them, and it dawned instantly upon him that she was the one he loved. He jammed his hat far down upon his head, glancing, as he did so, at the other girl. She was smiling genially, her face rosy from the wind her sister condemned, and, with ruthless inconstancy, Mr. Hamshaw at once changed his mind. She was the one.

"Pardon me for the liberty," he said, "but I am Mr. Hamshaw. We are neighbors, you know. Live in the same building."

"Oh, is that so?" asked the taller of the two, and, to his dismay, he saw that her surprise was genuine.

"Yes; you are on the second—I am on the sixth."

"Where the Jap is?" asked the shorter one.

"He's my valet."

"Funny little thing, isn't it?"

"An excellent servant, Miss——"

"Look out, there goes your lid again! I'll get it—my legs are swifter than yours!" cried the tall athlete in petticoats, and off she sailed in pursuit.

"You need some one to chase your hat for you, Mr. Hamshaw," said the short one airily.

"Are you going our way?" asked the other with a smile that could have led him to perdition.

"To the end of the earth," he murmured gallantly.

For the next ten minutes he walked on air. His heart was so light that it bobbed up and down like a fisherman's cork. He was not long in discovering that the tall one was Mame and the short one Lou—short for Marie and Louise, they explained on request.

"I see a good many boxes of flowers going up to your apartment," ventured Mr. Hamshaw, quite out of breath.

"Every day, and sometimes in between," said Marie.

"Ah, it's so nice to be popular!" he chirped. "And—and you can't blame the men, either, you know."

"You can't thank them, either, if they don't inclose their cards. Nearly every day there is a guessing match in the back parlor. It's poor form to send flowers without a card."

"By George, they're fine girls!" reflected Mr. Hamshaw. "Healthy, vigorous, full of life, and not a bit spoiled. Hang it all, I'm an ass to act like this! But I can't help it. A man is never too old to learn or to love. I'll play hob with some of these young dandies before I get through. Hamshaw, you've got to win one of those girls. But which one? There's the rub! It's awfully annoying!"

But it grew to be quite romantic. Mr. Hamshaw came to look upon himself as an up-to-date Romeo. The young ladies did not offer him any inducement to call upon them in their own home, but they frequently walked with him in the park of afternoons, and were astonishingly agreeable about candy, soda-water and matinées. Their reluctance to lunch or dine with him downtown stamped them in his mind as something most admirable. He quite understood. And their devotion to their sick friend was truly beautiful. He never saw them but they were going to visit her. Miss Louise naively informed him that they gave her some of the violets he sent to them, but that she knew he wouldn't mind.

"THANK YOU, THANK YOU, EVER SO MUCH!" HE PANTED

"Do you think she'd like it if I sent her some good books to read?" asked he, quite delighted.

"Sure," replied Miss Marie.

"How very unconventional," beamed Mr. Hamshaw to himself. "Hang it all, I wish I could decide between them! I think I'd look better with the short one, but——"

One day his nephew, young Jimmy Sprang, met him on the street and proceeded to twit him about his second childhood.

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Mr. Hamshaw with great dignity and a sinking heart.

"Who are the fairies you're trotting——"

"Stop, sir!" thundered Mr. Hamshaw. "Not another word, sir! They are ladies, and not to be discussed by such a bounder as you."

At last Mr. Hamshaw decided to take Louise. "I'll tell her to-morrow," he said to himself, quite sure that it was only necessary to tell and not to ask. But that evening, just after returning from the club, he saw something that troubled and harassed him not a little.

He saw and heard Sago talking to the Misses Frost—not only talking but in a manner so familiar that it must have been extremely nauseating to the cultured young women. The two were standing under the electric light at the corner, and the young women, instead of appearing annoyed at the heathen's twaddle, seemed to be highly amused. Only the greatest effort at self-restraint kept Mr. Hamshaw from kicking Sago into the middle of the next block.

Mr. Hamshaw was on the point of intervening when, to his utter consternation, the two young women started off up the street with Sago. To add to his misery, Sago did not come in at all that night. In response to Mr. Hamshaw's savage inquiry, Ellen, who attended him the next morning, said that Sago had gone to a dance on the West Side and had not turned up. Mr. Hamshaw sat bolt upright in bed and then collapsed.

The next afternoon he went home early, haggard and with a headache. His confidence was not gone, however. After arranging himself carefully—he refused to call for Sago—he boldly descended to the second floor. Then he lost his nerve. Instead of ringing the Gladding doorbell he walked on downstairs and out into the open air. At the corner he came plump upon Mr. Gladding himself, the stepfather of the two girls.

"How are you, Mr. Hamshaw? Fine weather we're having," greeted the man from the second floor.

"I've just been to your flat," said Mr. Hamshaw.

"Indeed? Any one at home?"

"I don't know—that is, I didn't go in. You see—are you going home now, Gladding, or downtown?"

"Home, of course. I've been downtown all day. Anything you wanted to see me about, Mr. Hamshaw?"

"Oh, no—nothing important."

"Well, won't you come up with me now? By the way, I'd like you to meet my wife and her daughters."

"I know your daughters, I believe."

"Ah?"

"It is about one of them that I wish to speak with you, sir." They were on the second-floor landing by this time. "May I come in?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Gladding.

Mr. Hamshaw sat stiff and uncomfortable on the divan while Mr. Gladding rang for a maid. He also called down the hall to ask Mrs. Gladding and the young ladies to come in and greet Mr. Hamshaw.

"Before they come," began the latter, fidgeting nervously, "I want to say that I expect to marry Miss Frost. It's been hard work to choose between them——"

"What are you talking about?" gasped the father.

"I know I've done a most reprehensible thing in courting them—I mean her—in this manner, but, you see——"

At that juncture Mrs. Gladding entered the room, followed by two strange young women—sleepy, tired, scrawny young women, who looked at Mr. Hamshaw as if he were a sofa-cushion and nothing more.

"My wife—er—Mr. Hamshaw, and the Misses Frost," mumbled Mr. Gladding, bowled over completely.

"What's that?" shouted Mr. Hamshaw, coming to his feet and toppling over backward again. The others stared at him as if he were mad. "How—how many have you—I mean, how many daughters are there?"

"Two!" exclaimed Mrs. Gladding, freezing up immediately. The society young women relaxed into a giggle.

"Then—who—is this a joke?" gasped Mr. Hamshaw, perspiration starting in torrents.

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Mr. Gladding.

"Where are Marie and Louise?" murmured Mr. Hamshaw.

Just then a trim maid appeared in the doorway—white-capped and aproned.

"Did you ring, ma'am?—Good Heavens!"

It was Marie!

Mr. Hamshaw fainted without more ado, and the apartment was in an uproar. Everybody thought he was dead, and the Misses Frost promptly duplicated his swooning act.

When Mr. Hamshaw opened his eyes, Marie was standing near by with ammonia and wet towels.

"Where is Louise?" he asked weakly.

"She's went and married that awful little Jap of yours last night. Here, take another sniff at this. Go on; don't be afraid of it. I've give it to the young ladies regular for the last five years. What's that, sir?"

"Nothing—nothing," he whispered.

"You said something, sir."

"And you're not Miss Frost?"

"One of them scrawny—I beg pardon, sir! Did you think I was——"

"Well, if that's the case, I can tell you what I said a moment ago. I said 'D——n it all!' Where am I?"

"At Mr. Gladding's, sir."

"Is Sago upstairs?"

"No, sir; they've gone to the matinée on their wedding trip, Mr. Hamshaw."

"Oh!"

It was not what Mr. Hamshaw said but the *way* he said it.

TALES OF THE ROAD

By CHARLES N. CREWDSON

First Experiences in Selling

I SAT with a group of friends around a table one evening not long ago, in one of the dining-rooms of the Brown Palace Hotel, in Denver. The dining-room was done in dark-stained oak, the waiters whispered to each other in foreign tongues—French and German; on the walls of the room hung pictures of foreign scenes, painted by foreign hands; but, aside from this, everything about us was strictly American. We had before us bluepoints with watercress salad, mountain trout from the Rockies, and a porterhouse three inches thick. We had just come out of the brush and were going to "Sunday" in Denver. It was Saturday night. A man who has never been on the road does not know what it is to get a square meal after he has been "high-grassing" it for a week or two, and in such cases the drummer quickly forgets the coarse, ill-cooked food he has been having for many days.

We were all old friends, had known each other in a different territory many years before; so when we came together again this time in Denver, not having seen each other for many years, we talked of old times and of our first experiences on the road.

A Heart-Break at the Start

A GREAT many decry the life of the traveling man; even men who are themselves on the road are discontented. But if you want to get one who is truly happy and satisfied with his lot, find one who, after having enjoyed the free and independent—yes, and delightful!—life of the road, has settled down for a little while as merchant on his own hook, insurance agent, or something of that kind, and finally has gone back to his grips, and then you will find a man who will say: "Well, somebody else can do the other things, but, for my part, give me the road!"

After we had finished with the good things before us and had lighted cigars, we could all see in the blue curls of smoke that rose before us visions of our past lives.

I asked one of my friends:

"How long have you been on the road, Billy?"

"I haven't thought of that for a long time," he yawned, "but I sure do remember when I first started out. I left St. Louis one Sunday night on the Missouri Pacific. It was nearly twenty years ago. I remember it very well because that night I read in a newspaper that there was such a thing as a phonograph, and, as I was traveling through Missouri, I didn't believe it: I had to wait until I could see one. The next day noon I struck Falls City, Nebraska. It had taken me eighteen hours to make the trip! To me it seemed as if I were going into a new world, and I was surprised to find, when I reached Nebraska, that men away out there wore about the same sort of clothes that they did in St. Louis. I would not have been surprised a bit if some Indian had come out of the bushes and tried to scalp me. The depot was a mile and a half from the hotel, and to get to my lodging-place I took my first ride in an omnibus. The inside of that old 'bus, the red-cushioned seats, and the advertisements of a livery stable, a hardware store and 'Little Jake's Tailor Shop,' were all new to me."

"Mud? I never saw mud so deep in my life! It took us an hour to get uptown. The little white hotel with the green shutters on it was one of the best I ever struck in my life. Many a time since then I've wished I could have carried it—the good fried chicken and all—along with me in all my travels. My best friend and adviser, an old road man himself, had told me this: 'When you get to a town get up your trunks and open them, and then go and see the trade. You might just as well hunt quail with your shells in your pockets as to try to do business without your samples open.'

"I opened up that afternoon. It took me three hours. I put my samples in good shape so that I knew where to lay my hands on anything that a customer might ask for—and, you know, if you go out to sell anything you'd better know what you have to sell! My samples open, I went down the street and fell into the first store I came to. The proprietor had been an old customer of the house, but I now know that the reason he gave me the ice-pitcher was that he had been slow in paying his bills and the house had drawn on him. A wise thing, this, for a house to do—when they want to lose a customer!

"This was a heart-breaker to me right in the start, but it was lucky, because, if I had sold him, I should have packed up and gone away without working the town. A man on the road, you know, boys, even if he doesn't do business with them, should form the acquaintance of all the men in the town who handle his line. The old customer may drop dead, sell out or go broke, and it is always well to have somebody else in line. After the old customer had turned me down I went into every store in that town and told my business. I found two out of about six who said they would look at my goods. By this time everybody had closed up, and I came back to the hotel to bed, having spent the first day without doing any business.

"Five men from my house in this same territory had fallen down in five years, and I, a kid almost, was number six—but not to fall down! I said to myself, '*I am going to succeed.*' The will to win means a whole lot in this road business, too, boys. You know, if you go at a thing half-heartedly you're sure to lose out, but if you say 'I will' you can't fall down.

"Next morning I was up early, and before the clerks had dusted off the counters I went in to see one of the men who had said they would look at my goods.

"'Around pretty early, aren't you, son?' said the old gentleman.

"'Yes, sir; but I'm after the worm,' said I.

"'All right. I'll be at your hotel in half an hour.'

"Instead of waiting until he was ready for me, I went to the hotel at once. After the half-hour was up I began to get nervous. It was an hour and a half before he came. I hadn't then learned that the best way to do is to go with your customer from his store to yours, instead of sitting around and waiting for him to come to you, and giving him a chance to get out of the notion.

"I sold the old gentleman a pretty fair bill of hats, but it was sort of a hit-and-miss proposition. He would jump from this thing to that thing. I hadn't learned that the real way to sell goods is to lay out one line at a time and finish with that before going to another. Pretty soon, though, good merchants educated me how to sell a bill."

Letting a Slow Man Have His Way

"CUSTOMER No. 2 was a poke. But I suppose this was the reason I sold him, because most of the boys, I afterward learned, passed him up and had nicknamed him 'Old Sorghum in the Winter.' It's a pretty good idea to let a slow man have his way, anyhow, if you have plenty of time, because, when you're selling goods in dozen lots, no matter how slow a man is, you can get in a pretty good day's work in a few hours. When I got through with 'Old Sorghum' I had several hours left before my train went West. Did I pack up and quit? No, sir! I didn't have sense enough then, I suppose, to know that I'd placed my goods in about as many stores as I ought to.

"I wrapped up a bunch of stuff in a cloth and went down the street with the samples under my arm. I did have sense enough, though, to tuck them under my coat as I passed by the store of the man I'd sold. I didn't know, then, of the business jealousy—which is folly, you know—there is between merchants; but I felt a little guilty just the same. The only thing I sold, however, was a dozen dogskin gloves to the big clothing merchant on the corner. That night I took the two o'clock train out of town, and had my first experience of sleeping in two beds in two towns in one night—but in those days that was fun for me.

"MY STOMACH WAS BEGINNING TO GNAW, BUT I DIDN'T DARE TO GO OUT"

"Do you know, I had a bully good week? I was out early that season, ahead of the rush. By Saturday afternoon I had worked as far West as Wymore.

"Well, at Wymore I sold my man. I cut the stuffing out of prices because I'd been told that the firm he bought from was the best going, and I remembered the advice that my old friend had given me: 'It's better, Billy, to be cussed for selling goods cheap than to be fired for not selling them at all.' Of course, I don't agree with this now, but I slashed that bill, just the same.

"My business the week before had been simply out of sight. The old man in the house wrote me the only congratulatory letter I ever got from him in my life. He was so well pleased that he didn't kick very hard even on the bill that I had slashed. But that next week—oh, my! I didn't sell enough to buy honeysuckles for a humming-bird!"

A Little Game of Cards

"I SHALL never forget my first experience," said Jim, another old friend of mine, as we all lighted fresh cigars—having forgotten the Dutch pictures and the black oak furnishings of the dining-room. "I'd made a little flyer for the house to pick up a bill of opening stock out in Iowa. They all thought in the office that the bill wasn't worth going after, so they sent me; but I landed a $2500 order without slashing an item, a thing no other salesman up to that time had ever done, so the old man called me into the office and gave me a job just as soon as I came back.

"I started out with $200 expense money. The roll of greenbacks the cashier handed me looked as big as a bale of hay. I made a couple of towns the first two days and did business in both of them, keeping up the old lick of not cutting a price.

"The next town I was booked for was Broken Bow, which was then off the main line on the 'Q,' and way up on a branch. To get there I had to go to Grand Island. Now you boys remember the mob that used to hang around the hotel at Grand Island. That was the time when there were a lot of poker-sharks on the road. When I was a bill-clerk in Chicago I used to meet with some of the other boys from the store on Saturday nights, play penny-ante, five-cent limit, and settle for twenty-five cents on the dollar when we got through. I was with a clothing firm, you know. I had always been rather lucky, and I had it in my head that I could buck up against anybody in a poker game. I had no trouble finding company to sit in with—in fact, they looked me up. In those days there were plenty of glass bowls full of water setting 'round for suckers. My train didn't leave until Monday, and I had to Sunday at Grand Island.

"We started in on Saturday night and played all night long. By the time we had breakfast—and this we had sent up to the room—I was out forty dollars. I wanted to quit then and call it off. I thought this was about as much as I could stand to lose and 'cover' in my expense account, but all of the old sharks said: 'By Jove, you have got nerve, Jim! You have the hardest run of luck in drawing cards that I ever saw.' They doped me up with the usual words of praise, and, after I'd put a cup of coffee or two under my belt, I went at it again, making up my mind that I could stand to lose another ten. I figured out that I could make a team trip and break a wheel.

"Well, you know what that means. The time for you to quit a poker game (when you have money in your pocket) is like to-morrow—it never comes. By nightfall I was dead broke. Then I began to think. I felt like butting my brains out against a lamp-post; but that wouldn't do. I ate supper all alone and went to thinking what I'd do.

"I wasn't a kitten, by any means, so I went up to my shark friends and struck one of them for enough to carry me up to Broken Bow and back. He was a big winner and came right up with twenty. They wanted to let me in the game again on 'tick,' but then I had sense enough to know that I'd had plenty. I went to my room and wrote the house. I simply made a clean breast of the whole business. I told them the truth about the matter—that I'd acted a fool—and I promised them I'd never do it any more—and I haven't played a game of poker since. The old man of the house had wired me money to Grand Island by the time I returned there, and in the first mail he wrote me to keep right on."

One Salesman Bluffed

FOR the next three days I didn't sell a cent's worth. Then one of the boys told me of an Irishman down in Schuyler who had had a squabble with his clothing house. I saw a chance right there and jumped right into that town. I got the man to look at my goods. He looked them all through from A to Z, but I couldn't start that Hibernian to save my life.

"He said: 'Well, your line looks pretty good, but, Heavens alive! your prices are away too high.' Then he went on, picking up a coat: 'Look here, young man, you're new on the road, and I want to figure out and show you that you're getting too much for your goods. Now here is a suit that you ask me twelve dollars for. Just figure the cloth, and the linings, and the buttons, and the work. All told, they don't cost your people over seven dollars. You ought to be able to—and you can—make me this suit for ten dollars. That's profit enough.'

"Well, there I was' I hadn't sold a bill for three days, and I felt that this one was slipping right away from me, too. I had come especially to see the man and he had told me that he would buy goods from me if I would make the price right. So I cut. I sold him the twelve-dollar suit for ten dollars. He took a dozen of them. It was a staple. I didn't know anything about what the goods were worth, but he had made his bluff good. I sold him the bill right through at cut prices on everything. The house actually lost money on the bill.

"Well, my nerve was gone, and I thought the only way I could do business was by cutting the stuffing out of prices. I kept it up for a few days—until I received my next mail at Omaha. Whew! How the old man did pour it into me! He wrote me the meanest letter that a white man ever got. He said: 'Jim, you can go out and play all the poker that you want to, but don't cut the life out of goods. You can lose $150 once in a while, if you want to, playing cards—that will be a whole lot better than losing $150 every day by not getting as much as goods are worth. Now, we're going to forget about the $150 you lost gambling, instead of charging it to your salary account, as you told us to do. But if you can't get better prices than you have been for the last week just take the train and come right on into the house. We can't afford to keep you on the road and lose money on you.'

"I was scared to death. I didn't know that the old man in the house was running a bigger bluff on me than the Irishman to whom I made cut prices on the bill.

"But that letter gave me my nerve back, and I ended up with a pretty fair trip. At that time I hadn't learned that this road business is done on confidence more than on knowledge. A salesman must feel first within himself that his goods and prices are right, and then he can sell them at those prices. If you feel a thing yourself you can make the other man feel it, especially when he doesn't know anything about the value of the goods he buys.

"When I reached the house one of the boys in stock patted me on the back, and said: 'Jim, the old man is tickled to death about what you've done. He says you're making better profits for him than any man in the house.'"

"Well, I guess you held your job all right, then, didn't you, Jim?" asked one of our party

Oh, yes! I stayed with them—that was my old firm, you know—for fifteen years, and I was a fool for ever leaving them. I'd have been a partner in the house to-day if I hadn't switched off

"How long have you been out, Arthur?" said my friend Jim, after ending his story.

"Well, so long that I've almost forgotten it, boys; but I shall never forget my start, either. The firm that I worked for had a wholesale business, and they were also interested in a retail store. I was stock-man in the retail house, but I wasn't satisfied with it. I was crazy to go out and try my luck on the road. I braced the old man several times before he would let me start, but he finally said to me: 'Well, Arthur, you're mighty anxious to go out on the road, and I guess we'll let you go. It won't do much harm, because I think that, after a little bit, you will want to get back to your old job. Then you'll be satisfied with it. I kind o' feel, though, that in sending you out we'll be spoiling a good retail clerk to make a poor traveling man.'"

The Meanest Buyer of All

MY TERRITORY was Iowa. In the first town I struck was the meanest merchant I've ever met in my life. Well, this old duck said he'd look at my samples of unlined goods. I rather thought that if I could get him started on unlined goods I could sell him on the lined stuff and mittens. So I lugged over my whole line myself. I didn't have sense enough to give the porter a quarter to carry my grip over to his store and save my energy, but, instead, I picked up the old grip myself. It was all right for the first block, but then I had to sit down and rest. The store was four blocks away. On the home-stretch I couldn't go twenty steps before I had to sit down and rest. It was so heavy that it almost broke the cords in my wrist. When I finally landed the grip at the front of the old man's store my tongue was hanging out. He had then gone to dinner.

"I thought I wouldn't eat anything, but would get my line ready for him by the time he came back, get through with him, and take luncheon later. I carried the grip to the back end of the store and spread out my line on the counter. About one o'clock he came in and I said to him: 'I'm all ready for you.' He walked away and didn't say a word, but took out a newspaper and read for half an hour.

"I was beginning to get a trifle hungry, but I didn't mind that then. When the young lady on the dry goods side came back from dinner I sidled up to her and talked about the weather for another half-hour. My stomach was beginning to gnaw, but I didn't dare to go out. The old man by this time had gone to his desk and was writing some letters. I waited until I saw him address an envelope and put a stamp on it, and then I braced him a second time

"'No,' he said, 'I guess I don't want any gloves.'

"'Well, I've my goods all here and it'll be no trouble to show them to you,' I said

"'Nope,' said he, and then started to write another letter.

"When he had finished that one I said: 'Now, I don't like to insist, but, as my goods are all here, it won't do any harm to look at them'

With this the old man turned on me and said

'Looker here, young man, I've told you twicet that I don't want to buy any of your goods. Now you jest get them in your grip and get them out o' here right quick. If you don't I'll throw them out, and you with them.'"

Insult and Injury

"ABOUT that time a customer came in who wanted to buy a pair of shoes. Some of my samples were still on the counter near the shoe-shelves. The old man, with a sweep of his hands, just cleaned the counter of my samples, and there I was, picking them up off the floor and putting them into my grip. I felt like hitting him over the head with a nail-puller, but I buckled up the straps and started to sliding the grip along—it was so infernally heavy—to the front door.

"Before I got there the old chap came up and took the grip out of my hand and piled it out on the sidewalk and gave me a shove. Then he went back to show the customer the pair of shoes.

"I was just a boy then—was just nineteen—and this was the first man I'd called on

"'If they're all like this,' thought I to myself, 'I believe I'll go back home and sell them a pair at a time.'

"I lugged that grip back to the hotel, hungry as I was. There was ice on the sidewalk, but I was sweating like a mule pulling a bobtailed street car full of fat folks. I was almost famished, but I went to my room and cried.

"After a while, however, my nerve came back to me, and I thought' 'Surely all the merchants I call on won't be like this man!' So I washed up and went down to supper. After eating something I felt better. At supper I told an old traveling man, who was sitting at table with me, about the way I'd been treated

"'Well, come on, my boy,' he said, 'and I'll sell you a bill to-night. That fellow's the meanest dog in Iowa. No decent traveling man will go near him. As a rule, you'll find that merchants will treat you like a gentleman. The best thing you can do is to scratch that old whelp off the list. Of course, you know, you'll often run up against a man who is a little sour, but if you sprinkle sugar on him in the right kind of way you can sweeten him up

You know how it is, boys, even now, all of us like to give a helping hand to the young fellow who's just starting out. I would almost hand over one of my customers to a young man to give him encouragement—and so would you We've all been up against the game ourselves and know how many things the young fellow has to dishearten him

"As I think of my early experiences I recall with a great deal of gratitude in my heart the kind deeds that were done for me, when I was the green first-tripper, by the old-timers on the road. My new friend took me down the street to one of his customers and made him give me an order. That night I went to bed the happiest boy in Iowa."

The Cares of a Caretaker

By Wallace Irwin

I

A nice old lady by the sea
Was neat as she was plain,
And every time the tide came in
She swept it back again.

II

And when the sea untidy grew
And waves began to beat,
She took her little garden rake
And raked it smooth and neat.

III

She ran a carpet-sweeper up
And down the pebbly sand.
She said, "This is the only way
To keep it clean—good land!"

IV

And when the gulls came strolling by
She drove them shrilly back,
Remarking that it spoiled the beach,
"The way them birds do track."

V

She fed the catfish clotted cream
And taught it how to purr—
And were a catfish so endowed
She would have stroked its fur.

VI

She stopped the little sea-urchins
That traveled by in pairs,
And washed their dirty faces clean
And combed their little hairs.

VII

She spread white napkins on the surf
With which she fumed and fussed.
"When it ain't covered up," she said,
"It gits all over dust."

VIII

She didn't like to see the ships
With all the waves act free,
And so she got a painted sign
Which read: "*Keep Off the Sea.*"

IX

But dust and splutter as she might,
Her work was sadly vain;
However oft she swept the beach,
The tides came in again.

X

And she was sometimes wan and worn
When she retired to bed—
"A woman's work ain't never done,"
That nice old lady said.

A SOCIAL SECRETARY

The Commentaries of a Cæsar in Skirts

COUNTESS NADESHDA

FEBRUARY 26.—No news of Robert and Nadeshda. Have been glancing through this diary. How conceited I am, taking credit to myself for everything. I wonder if I am vainer than most people, or does everybody make the same ridiculous discovery about himself when he takes himself off his guard? What an imperfect record this is of our launching! But then if I had made it perfect I should have had to go into so many wearisome details, not to speak of my having so little time. Still, it would have been interesting to read some day, when I shall have forgotten the little steps—for although we've had in all only a month before the season and the weeks between New Year's and Ash Wednesday, so much has been crowded into that time. It's amazing what one can accomplish if one only uses every moment to a single purpose. And I've not only used my own time, but Robert's and Jessie's and the time of their and my friends, and that of Nadeshda and a dozen other people.

They and I all worked together to make my enterprise a success—and Jim and the Senator, and "Ma" Burke was a great help after the first few weeks. Yes, and I mustn't forget Cyrus. He has made himself astonishingly popular. I see now that he showed a better side to every one than he did to me. Perhaps I can guess why. I wonder if he really cares or did care—for me, or was it just "ma" trying to get me into the family, and he willing to do anything she asked of him?

But to go back to my vanity—I see that Jessie, Rachel and Cyrus were the real cause of my success. Jessie and Rachel alone could make anybody, who wasn't positively awful, a go. Then Nadeshda, bent on marrying Cyrus at first, was a big help—and every mamma with a marriageable daughter was hot on Cyrus' trail. So it's easy to make an infallible recipe for getting into society: First, wealth; second, willingness to act on competent advice; third, get a "secretary" who knows society and has intimate friends in its most exclusive set, and who also knows how to arrange entertainments; fourth, have a marriageable son, if possible, or, failing that, a daughter, or, failing that, a near relative who will be well dowered; fifth, organize the campaign thoroughly and pay particular attention to getting yourself liked by the few people who really count. You can't bribe them; you can't drive them; you must *amuse* them. The more leisure people have the harder it is to amuse them.

Looking back, I can see that "Ma" Burke passed her social crisis when on January 5 Mrs. Gaether asked her to assist at her reception. For Mrs. Gaether was the first social power who took "ma" up simply and solely because she liked her.

We have spent a great deal of money, but not half what the Tevises have spent. But our money counted because it was incidental. Mere money won't carry any one very far in Washington—I don't believe it will anywhere, except, perhaps, New York.

I ought to have kept some sort of record of what we've done from day to day—I mean, more detailed than my books. However, I'll just put in our last full day before Lent as far as I can recall it. No, I'll only write out what Mrs. Burke alone did that day.

7:30 to 10. She and I in her room went over the arrangements for the ball we were giving in the evening.

10 to 12:30. She went to see half a dozen people about various social matters, besides doing a great deal of tiresome shopping.

12:30 to 1:45. More worrying consultation with me, then dressing for luncheon.

1:45 to 3:45. A long and tiresome luncheon at one of the embassies.

3:45 to 6:30. More than twenty calls and teas—a succession of exhausting rushes and struggles.

6:30 to 7:15. In the drawing-room here, with a lot of people coming and going.

7:15 to 8. Dressing for dinner—a frightful rush.

8 to 8:30. Receiving the dinner guests.

8:30 to 10:45. The dinner.

10:45 to midnight. Receiving the guests for the dance—on her feet all the time.

Midnight to 6 in the morning. Sitting, but incessantly busy.

7:30. In bed.

9. A new and crowded day.

This has been a short season, but I don't think it was the shortness, crowding much into a few days, that made the pressure so great. It's simply that year by year Washington becomes socially worse and worse. As I looked round at that last ball of ours I pitied the people who were nerving themselves up to trying to enjoy themselves. Almost every one was, and looked, worn out. Here and there the unnatural brightness of eyes or cheeks showed that somebody—usually a young person—had been driven to some sort of stimulant to enable him or her to hold the pace. Quick to laugh; quick to frown and bite the lips in almost uncontrollable anger. Nerves on edge, flesh quivering. Yet, what is one to do? To be "in it" one must go all the time—not to go all the time, not to accept all the principal invitations, is to make enemies right and left.

Besides, who that gets the hysterical state which the Washington season induces can be content to sit quietly at home when on every side there are alluring opportunities to enjoy?

No wonder we see less and less of the men of importance. No wonder the "sons of somebodies" and the young men of the embassies and legations and departments, most of them amiable enough, but all just about as near nothing as you would naturally expect, are the best the women can get to their houses.

It is foolish; it is frightful. But it is somehow fascinating, and it gives us women the chance to go the same reckless American gait that the men go in their business and professions.

I am utterly worn out. I might be asleep at this moment. Yet I'm sitting here alone, too feverish for hope of rest. And I can see lights in Cyrus' apartment and in Senator Burke's sitting-room, and I don't doubt poor "ma" is tossing miserably in a vain attempt to get the sleep that used to come unasked and stay until it was fought off.

It is Lent, and the season is supposed to be over. But the rush is still on, and other things crowd and jam in to more than fill up the vacant space left by big, formal parties. It seems to me that there is even as much dancing as there was two weeks ago. The only difference is that it isn't formally arranged for beforehand. I'd like to "shut off steam"—indeed, it seems to me that I must if "Ma" Burke is not to be sacrificed. But how can we? People expect us to entertain, and we must go out to their affairs, also. The only escape would be to fly, and we can't do that so long as Congress is sitting.

FEBRUARY 27.—Robert and Nadeshda are both in town, he with us, she at the embassy. They are to be married the twelfth of April. The engagement is to be announced tomorrow. I've never seen any one more demure than Nadeshda, or happier. I suspect she's going to settle down into the most domestic of women. Indeed, I know it—for, as she says, she's afraid of him, obeys him as a dog its master, and the domestic side of her is the only one he'll tolerate. I've always heard that her sort of woman is the tiniest, once it's under control. She has will but no continuity. He has a stronger will than hers, and, in addition, his purposes are unalterable. So he'll continue to dominate her.

"Ma" Burke asked him, "How did you make out with her folks?"

He smiled, then laughed. "I don't know—exactly," he said. "They couldn't talk my language nor I theirs. So it was all done through an interpreter. And he was Mrs. Dean's brother-in-law, Prince Gluckstein, and a regular trump. He saw them half a dozen times before I did. When I saw them everything was lovely. They left me alone with her after twenty minutes. Finally it was agreed that we should come back on the same steamer, her brother accompanying her.

"But why on earth didn't you cable us?" she demanded.

"I did," he replied.

"But you didn't tell us anything."

"I told you all there was to tell."

"You only said you were coming."

"Well?" he answered, looking somewhat surprised. "I knew you'd know I wouldn't come without her."

I'm glad he didn't get it into his head to "take after" me. A woman stands no more chance with a man like that than a rabbit with a greyhound.

FEBRUARY 29.—"Ma" Burke is dreadfully ill—has been for two days. The doctors have got several large Latin names for it, but the plain truth is that she has broken down under the strain she seemed to be bearing so placidly. She didn't give up until she was absolutely unable to lift herself out of bed. "I knew it was coming," she said, "but I thought I could put it off until I had more time."

It wasn't until she did give up that her face really showed how badly off she was. I was sitting by her bed when "Pa" Burke and Cyrus came in. I couldn't bear to look at them, yet I couldn't keep my eyes off their faces. Both of them got deadly white at sight of her, and "pa" rushed from the room after a moment or two. The doctor had cautioned him against alarming her by showing any signs of grief. But "pa" couldn't stand it. He went to his study, and the housekeeper told me he cried like a baby. Cyrus stayed on, and I did admire the way he put on cheerfulness.

"I'll be all right in a few days," said "ma." "It wasn't what I did; it was what I et. I'm such a fool that I can't let things that look good go by. And I went from house to house, munching away, cake here, candy there, chocolate yonder, besides lunches and dinners and suppers. I et in and I et out. Now, I reckon I've got to settle the bill. Thank the Lord I don't have to do it standing up."

Cyrus and I went away from her room together. "If she wasn't so good," said he, more to himself than to me, "I'd not be so—so uncertain."

"I feel that I'm to blame," said I bitterly. "It was I who gave her all those things to do."

He was silent, and his silence frightened me. I had felt that I was partly to blame. His silence made me feel that I was wholly to blame, and that he thought so.

"If I could only undo it!" I said in what little voice I could muster.

"If you only could!" he muttered.

HE HAD BOTH MY HANDS NOW AND WAS LOOKING AT ME AT ARM'S LENGTH

I was utterly crushed. Every bit of my courage fled and—but what's the use of trying to describe it? It was as if I had tried to murder her and had come to my senses and was realizing what I'd done. I suppose I must have shown what was in my mind, for, all of a sudden, with a sort of sob or groan, he put his arms round me—such a strong yet such a gentle clasp! "Don't look like that, dear!" he pleaded.

Forgive me—it was cowardly, what I said—and not true. We're all to blame—you the least. Haven't I seen day after day how you've done everything you could to spare her—how you've worn yourself out?" He let me go as suddenly as he had seized me. "I'm not fit to be called a man," he exclaimed. "Just because I loved you, and was always thinking of you, and watching you, and worrying about you, I neglected to think of mother. If I'd given her a single thought I'd have known long ago that she was ill."

Just then Mrs. Burke's maid called to me—she was only a few yards away, and must have seen everything. I hurried back to the room we had quitted a few minutes before. "You must cheer up those two big foolish men," she said. "You'all think I'm going to pass over, but I'm not. You won't get rid of me for many a year. And I look to you to prevent them from going all to pieces."

She paused and looked at me wistfully, as if she longed to say something but was afraid she had no right to. I said: "What is it—ma'?"

Her face brightened. "Come, kiss me," she murmured. "Thank you for saying that. We're very different in lots of ways, being raised so different. But hearts have a way of finding each other, haven't they?"

I nodded.

What I wanted to say was about—Cyrus," she went on. "My Cyrus told me that he don't see how he could get along without you noways, and I advised him to talk to you about it because I knew it'd relieve his mind and because it'd set you to looking at him in a different way. Anyhow, it's always a good plan to ask for what you want. And he did—and he told me you wouldn't hear to him. Don't think I'm trying to persuade you. All I meant to say is that——" She stopped and smiled, a bright shadow of that old broad, beaming smile of hers.

"I'd do anything for you," I exclaimed on impulse.

"I'm afraid that wouldn't suit Cyrus," she drawled, good humoredly. "He'd be mad as the Old Scratch if he knew what I was up to now. Well—do the best you can. But don't do anything unless it's for his sake. Only—just look him over again. There's a lot to Cyrus besides his cowlick. And he's been so dead in love with you ever since he first saw you that he's been making a perfect fool of himself every time he looked at you or spoke to you. Sometimes, when I've seen the way he's acted up, like a farmhand waltzing in cowhides, I've felt like taking him over my knees and laying it on good and hard."

I was laughing so that I couldn't answer—the reaction from the fear that she might be very, very ill had made me hysterical. I could still see that she was sick, extremely sick, but I realized that our love for her had put us into a panic.

"Do the best you can, dear," she ended. "And everything—all the entertaining here and the going out—must be kept up just the same as if I was being dragged about downstairs instead of lying up here resting."

She insisted on this and would not be content until she had my promise. "And don't forget to cheer pa and Cyrus up. I never was sick before—not a day. That's why they take on so."

I think I have been succeeding in cheering them up. And everything is going forward as before—except, of course, that we've cut out every engagement we possibly could.

It's amazing how many friends "Ma" Burke has made in such a short time. Ever since the news of her illness got out, the front door has been opening and shutting all day long. And those of the callers that I've seen have shown such real interest. This has made me have a better opinion of human nature than I had thought I could have. I suppose half the seeming heartlessness in this world is suspicion and a sort of miserly dread lest one should give kindly feeling without getting any of it in return. But "Ma" Burke, who never bothers her head for an instant about whether people like her, and gets all her pleasure out of liking them, makes friends by the score.

I'm in a queer state of mind about Cyrus.

MARCH 3.—"Ma" Burke was brought down to the drawing-room for tea to-day. She held a regular levee. Those that came early spread it round, and by six o'clock they were pouring in. She looked extremely well, and gloriously happy. All she had needed was complete rest and sleep—and less to eat. "After this," she said, "I'm not going to eat more than four or five meals a day. At my age a woman can't stand the strain of ten and twelve—my record was sixteen—counting two teas as one meal." For an hour there was hilarious chattering in English, French, German, Italian, Russian, and mixtures of all five. I think the thing that most fascinated Mrs. Burke about Washington is the many languages spoken.

She looks at me in an awed way when I trot out my three in quick succession. And she regards the women as superhuman who speak seven or eight so fluently that they drift from one to the other without being quite sure which they're speaking. There certainly were enough going at once to-day, and a good many of the women smoked.

"THERE'S A LOT TO CYRUS BESIDES HIS COWLICK"

But to return to Mrs. Burke. When only a few of those we know best were left this afternoon, and Nadeshda was smoking, Jessie, who is always so tactful, said to Robert, "I'm glad to see that you don't object to Nadeshda's smoking."

Mrs. Burke laughed. "Why should he?" said she. "Why, when we were children ma and pa used to sit on opposite sides of the chimney smoking their pipes. And ma dipped, too, when it wasn't convenient for her to have her pipe."

"Do *you* smoke, Mrs. Burke?" asked Jessie with wide, serious eyes. "I never saw you."

"No, I don't," she confessed. "Tom used to hate the smell of it, so I never got into the habit."

Nadeshda was tremendously amused by what Mrs. Burke had said about pipes. "I didn't know it was considered nice for a lady to smoke in America until recently," said she. "And pipes! How eccentric! Mamma smokes cigars—one after dinner, but I never heard of a lady smoking a pipe."

Ma wasn't a lady—what you'd call a lady," replied Mrs. Burke. "She was just a plain woman. She didn't smoke because it was fashionable, but because she thought it was comfortable. As soon as we children got a little older we used to be terribly ashamed of it—but *she* kept right on. And now it's come in style."

"Not pipes?" said Jessie.

"Not yet," said ma.

When I thought they had all gone, and I was writing in my office" for a few minutes before going up to dress, Nadeshda came in to me. "Ma" Burke used often to say that Nadeshda's eyes were "full of the Old Scratch," but certainly they were not at that moment. She was giving me a glimpse of that side which, as Browning, I think, says, even the meanest creature has and shows only to the person he or she loves. Not that Nadeshda loves me, but she has that side turned outermost nowadays whenever she hasn't the veil drawn completely over her real self. "My dear," she said in French, "what is it? Why these little smiles all afternoon whenever you would forget where you were?"

I couldn't help blushing. "I don't quite know, myself," I replied—and it was so.

"Oh you cold, cold Americans!" Then she paused and gave me one of her strange smiles—with her eyes elongated and her lips just parted—"I mean, you American women."

"Cold, because we don't set ourselves on fire?" I inquired.

But yes," she answered. "yourselves, and the men, too. Never mind. I shall not peep into your little secret. She laughed. "It always chills me to grope around in one of your cold American women's hearts."

"I wish you could tell me what my secret is—and that's the truth," said I.

She laughed again, shrugged her shoulders, pinched my cheek, nodded her head until her big plumed hat was all in a quiver and was shaking out volumes of the strong, heavy perfume she uses. And without saying anything more she went away.

MARCH 4.—Cyrus and I sat next each other at dinner at the Secretary of War's to-night. It has happened several times this winter, as the precedence is often very difficult to arrange at small dinners. Old Alex Bartlett took me in, and as he's stone deaf and a monstrous eater I was free. Cyrus had taken in a silent little girl who has just come out. She had exhausted her little line of prearranged conversation before the fish was taken away. So Cyrus talked to me.

"She's grateful for my letting her alone," said he when I tried to turn him back to his duty. "Besides, if I didn't meet you out once in a while you'd forget me entirely. And I don't want that if I can avoid it."

"Thank you," said I, for lack of anything else to say, and with not the remotest intention of irritating him. But he flushed scarlet, and frowned.

"You always and deliberately misconstrue everything I say," said he bitterly. "I know I'm unfortunate in trying to express myself to you, but why do you never attribute to me anything but the worst intentions?"

"And why should you assume that every careless reply I make is a carefully thought out attack on you?" I retorted. "Don't you think your vanity makes you morbid?"

"You know perfectly well that it isn't vanity that makes me think you especially dislike me," said he.

"But I don't," I answered. "I confess I did at first, but not since I've come to know you better."

"Why did you dislike me at first?" he asked. "You began on me with almost the first moment of our acquaintance."

"That's true—I did," I admitted. "I had a reason for it—didn't Nadeshda tell you what it was?"

He looked frightened.

"Be frank, if you want me to be frank," said I.

"I never for an instant believed what she said," he replied abjectly. Then after a warning look from me, he added—"*really* believed it, I mean."

And what was it that you didn't really believe?" I demanded.

He looked at me boldly. "Nadeshda and one or two others told me that you or your friends had arranged it for me to marry you. But I knew it wasn't so."

"But it was so," I replied. "You were one of the considerations that determined my friends in trying to get me my place."

"Well—and why didn't you take me when I finally fell into the trap?"

I let him see that I was laughing at him.

He scowled—his cowlick did look so funny that I longed to pull it. "Simply couldn't stand me—not even for the sake of what I brought," he said. And then he gave me a straight, searching look. "I wonder why I don't hate you," he went on. "I wonder why I am such an ass as to care for you. Yes—even if I knew you didn't care for me, still I'd

(Concluded on Page 28)

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How to Tell When Your Subscription Expires

At the head of the first inside page of each copy of this magazine is printed the serial number of that issue. Each volume begins with the first issue in July. The first issue in July is number 1; the last issue in June number 52.

Following the name of the subscriber on the address label attached to each copy of the magazine sent by mail is the number of the issue with which the subscription expires. By consulting this number you can get the information desired. Renew as far in advance of expiration as is convenient, stating that the order is a renewal. By so doing, any possible delay in entering your renewal because of rush of business will be avoided

Poisoned "Food"

THE makers of poison for adulterating food and the users of those poisons in adulterating food were powerful enough with the national machines of both political parties to prevent Congress from enacting a law protecting the people But out in South Dakota their lobby was defeated. The legislature of that State has passed, and Governor Elrod has signed, a bill which, so far as can be judged from reading it, is a model of pure-food legislation. If the newly-created Food and Dairy Commissioner does his duty, the people of South Dakota will know what they are eating and drinking, and poisoners for dividends will not do business in that State.

If a citizen of the United States dies from eating a poisoned "food," why should not the president of the corporation of poisoners for dividends that manufacture that "food" be arrested, tried and hanged, like any other poisoner? Why should he be exempt because he doesn't happen personally to know his victim?

The Æsthetics of "Sky-Scratchers"

ONLY a few years ago persons of culture everywhere were accustomed to throw up the hands of holy horror at the prodigious buildings which the pressure of American life, coupled with the newly-developed possibilities of steel construction, are raising in all the big cities of the land. One firm of architects, which had made its reputation by copying, or at best adapting, the masterpieces of European architects, went so far in passionate protest as to build a two-story edifice on one of the most valuable lots in New York City.

A few independent spirits, however, have always maintained that any art-form which has its origin so deep in the vital necessities of the life of a nation, and which so strikingly expresses them, cannot be essentially bad. One of them went so far as to suggest that the monstrous Flatiron Building was architecturally far more interesting and significant, at least to Americans, than the copy of the beautiful tower of Seville across the tree-tops of Madison Square.

Meantime the illustrators were discovering in the sky-scraper a new and striking picturesqueness. Jules Guérin, standing on Brooklyn Bridge, saw that the light of sunrise as it played among the big buildings of lower Manhattan had much of the richness of color, the vastness of aerial space, of an Alpine landscape. Joseph Pennell saw, and transferred to his etcher's plate, the cliff-like majesty of the sky-scraper as seen from the level of the city street. A Frenchman wrote and published a treatise on what it pleased him to call The Sky Scratchers of New York. Finally Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, the new English director of the Metropolitan Art Museum, refused to condemn the architecture of his adopted city, though in refusing to do so he felt that he had to proclaim himself an anarchist in art. What Americans need, he said, is to have greater confidence in their own artistic judgment, their own resources, their own artists and their own arts

It is not probable that the sky-scraper will take its place among the beautiful buildings of the world—alongside of the Parthenon and the Palace of the Doges—at least in its present state of development. It is more likely that its extravagances will require to be curtailed by law—in spite of Sir Caspar's anarchism. Meantime its development has given Americans a lesson. What we most need in order to become great intellectually and spiritually is the firm conviction that we are already very nearly so

The Seeds of Victory

FOR the Japanese victories great credit is due the general staff at Tokyo and the marshals and generals and their assistants in the field. But let us not be misled by the universal passion for the personal. The credit is chiefly for the Japanese people themselves—a people that has shown itself great enough to establish a system whereunder merit is advanced and social pull is minimized. The most perfect paper scheme of organization in the world becomes the most ludicrously ineffective if it does not fit the people to whom it is applied. To have organization you must have organizers; but, more essential still, you must have people capable of being organized

The difference between Russia and Japan in this war is not merely a difference of leadership. It is a difference of the materials of leadership.

A Revised Labor Problem

EXCEPT in those occupations which can be successfully pursued only after long training, strikes in cities are almost always failures. As soon as the men quit their jobs the towns and the country pour in hundreds to take their places. City wages seem big to the rural or semi-rural because they are big to the eye. And even though they prove to be far less big and even painfully small to the stomach, the would-be city dweller is content—for a time.

There is one explanation of the at-times ferocious arrogance of city labor unions. They have to keep employers cowed, for they know what is certain to be the result of a strike

If civilization ever discovers a way of making the country fascinating as a place to live to the average man with small capacity and less desire for reflection and self-amusement, there will be a revised labor problem. Directors of great enterprises will be selected for their skill in entertaining laboring men and keeping them from returning to the ease and independence of the small farm

The Grandeur of Man

THAT such lowly creatures as the ant and the bee organize themselves into complex communities of the kind we call civilized has been known, and has excited human admiration, for thousands of years; but one confesses to something like a wound to primeval vanity in Lord Avebury's discovery that they also practice the pet human virtue of altruism "In one of my nests was an ant who had come into the world without antennæ. One day I found her wandering about in an aimless sort of manner, apparently not knowing her way at all. She fell in with some ants of another species, who directly attacked her. She was evidently much wounded, and lay helplessly on the ground. After some time another ant of the same nest came by. She examined the poor sufferer carefully, then picked her up and carried her away into the nest. It would have been difficult for any one who witnessed the scene to deny this ant the possession of humane feelings." Taken with the capacity for self-government, Lord Avebury concludes, this incident "confirms the opinion that the mental powers of ants differ from those of men not so much in kind as in degree"

When the advance of science taught us that the world was not the centre of the universe, and that man, instead of being the end and aim of creation, the lord of all the ages, was as a mere microbe corroding with his tillage the surface of a grain of star dust, thousands of thinkers were plunged into the spiritual humiliation and despair of atheism. Every year one reads of men who have committed suicide upon realizing the insignificance of the place of man in Nature. Now comes increasing evidence that the best of our human capacities and virtues are shared by mere insects

Is it not, however, a stunted and distorted imagination that sees in all this an argument of despair? Man is still, as far as we know, the best product of the worlds and the ages And if, as is possible, the evolution of life has gone further in other worlds, is not that an argument of hope for the future of our race? As for the fact that we share our best inheritance with our little brothers in evolution, is it not an intimation that we in turn have our share in the beatitudes which for the present we only faintly surmise?

"Yet I doubt not," wrote Tennyson, "through the ages one increasing purpose runs." The vaster that purpose, and the more perfect its end, the loftier the grandeur of man.

The Seeing Eye

AN EDUCATOR who wanted to find out how much first hand knowledge his pupils possessed lately set them a list of questions, of which the following are a few: How many segments are there in the bodies of flies and spiders, and to which of them are the legs attached? Do the V's on the face of a clock point toward the centre or the rim? Is the convexity or the concavity of the new moon toward the sun? Do vines twist the same way as the threads of a screw, or the opposite way? What are the first flowers of spring, and the last of autumn? Is dew deposited on clear, cloudy or windy nights? Which hoofs are on the ground when a horse walks, trots, canters and paces? Do birds' ever come back to their old nests? Why do shoes creak, and why does shoe-blacking shine when rubbed with a shoebrush? Few adults can answer all of these questions, and such answers as they are able to give are in many cases the result of reasoning

Stevenson somewhere speaks of the seeing eye, and gives evidence of his own powers of observation by attributing it to an uneducated man. It has often been remarked that the habit of reading fiction tends to dull the memory, and that the use of books of reference betrays us all into distrusting our own knowledge. Yet the business man or the professional man has even more need than the woodsman or the farmer to see all that passes around him, register it automatically and retain it in memory. Facts which at first seem trivial often take on, in the quickly shifting course of life, the utmost importance. It is well worth patient training to cultivate the seeing eye.

A mother whose invalid son, aged eight, had not been taught to read, was lately reproached for the fact by a friend, whose son had learned to read at four. Her defense was that her boy had learned the habit of seeing and questioning everything that came in his way; and she clinched her argument by asking what the other lad had read in his four years. Nothing but boys' books, of course.

Paste Jewels of Consistency

THE young midshipman who has the distinction of being the only graduate of Annapolis who ever deserted from the navy is particularly unfortunate in the excuses urged in his behalf. He is an exceptionally good young man, says his father, and the moral life of Uncle Sam's sailors is as bad as that of the Four Hundred. Granting the truth of the charge, is it any excuse for lowering the moral tone by setting an example of oath-breaking? To the ordinary mind it would seem that the worse the life to which a good man is called, the greater his duty to reclaim it.

In the second place, pleads the father, the authorities at Annapolis refused his son permission to attend the church of his particular denomination because it was out of bounds, obliging him to put up with the non-sectarian service of the Academy. There is something positively funny in the state of a mind that is able to reconcile the profession of warfare and the killing of men with the profession of Christianity, but not to reconcile it with his preference for one of many sects. "I'll no be eloped wi' a mon," declared a runaway Scotch wife, "wha whustles on the Sawba." She went back to her husband; but was she entitled to pose as a model of virtuous consistency?

Let us not be too severe in this matter of the logic of conduct. This is a complicated life we lead on earth, and full of necessary compromises between ideals and practice. One reason why consistency may be called a jewel is that so few of us are able to afford it. But when a man does deck himself out in gems of this kind he should be particularly careful not to let it be so easily seen that they are of paste

Wanton Charity

THE discovery that a New York woman spends upward of $2000 a year in dressing her dog has started an outcry against wanton and wild extravagance. "How much good could be done with all this wasted money!" is the usual comment. But is that true?

Extravagance is a vice; wanton extravagance is a crime But worse still is wanton charity—the giving that pauperizes And hard indeed is it to give in charity beyond a very small amount without pauperizing

Our problem is not at all what people do with their surplusage. It is what we shall do to prevent these surplusages, to prevent trickery and stealth from misdirecting vast sums from those who have earned to those who have not and could not earn. Earners create no problem of extravagance or prodigality. They know what to do with their money—and what not to do with it

The Legislative Lobby

Big Business and Little Legislators

By R. M. La Follette, Senator-elect from Wisconsin

THE law-making power is the vital centre of democracy. Corruption there is the deadliest poison to its life. The evil influences employed in this country to subvert government are to-day mainly combined upon the law-making power. This is alike true of municipal, State and national government. It is a danger the real magnitude of which we are just beginning to comprehend. It is the natural offshoot of "big business."

The great industrial development of the last decade, the consolidation of independent corporations to secure monopoly, and the alliance of these combinations with the great railway systems, rapidly merging into one control; the building of street-car and interurban lines; the phenomenal growth of the express, telephone and telegraph business of the country; the granting, renewing and extending of franchises to the public-service corporations; the multitude of questions which have arisen relating to their taxation; the control of their services, their rates, tolls, charges, and the enforcement of the obligations and duties which they owe to the public; the determination which they everywhere manifest to secure grants and privileges, and to escape responsibilities—all these things have resulted in a contest for mastery between these rich and powerful corporations and combinations upon the one hand, and Government—Municipal, State and National—on the other.

The same contest is going on everywhere. It is not confined to any State or to any section of our country. Wherever the public interest requires legislation which would, in any way, limit their encroachments, all business combinations, from the baking-powder trust to the book trust, and from a bobtail street-car line to the transcontinental system, lay hands on legislation through an organized lobby.

The law-making body is under the same obligation to do justice to one interest as to another. Any business enterprise, lawful in character, and conducted with due regard to the rights of others, concerning which legislation is proposed, justly merits the considerate attention of every legislature. Its representative—be he attorney or otherwise—is entitled to be heard fully in argument for or against the passage of any measure affecting its interests. But such argument should be made publicly

It should be made an offense to attempt to influence a member of a legislative assembly, privately or personally. He is a public official. Legislation is public business. That which operates to influence legislative action is likewise the business of the public. If the communication is an honest one it need not be secret. If it appeals solely to the honest judgment it will not fear publicity. It should be as much an offense against the law to "see members on the quiet" as to attempt to influence judge or juror out of court

I believe that public opinion is ready to sustain and enforce a statute which will say to the lobby-agent, employed and paid for his services by others

Make your argument before the committee which has under consideration the legislation in which you are interested; make it, under proper regulation, to the entire body of either or both branches of the legislature, if they shall so determine; make it through the press or from the public platform, if you will; but we will have no more of this work upon members in secret and alone. Stop attempting personally and directly to influence any member of the legislature to vote for or against any measure affecting the interests represented by you. Stop exchanging free transportation for legislative services Stop using money without limit and employing agents without character to aid in your evil work. Stop your poker games, where members may win easy money as a consideration for official favors. You are engaged in attempting to influence legislation by these methods. Your business is a criminal business, and you are criminals! More than that, disguise it as you may, gloss it over by whatever name, it is bribery, and bribery of a public official is a betrayal of his constituents. That is treason to his constituents and to the principle upon which government is founded. It matters not how many millions you represent—you, and those who employ you to undermine official obligation, destroy official character, and induce the representative to betray his trust, are enemies of the Government. You should be punished as enemies of the Government."

If lobbying with the individual is made an offense it will go far to prevent any lobbyist from seeing, or attempting to see, any member alone. If the secret, the private element is eliminated we shall radically change the character of the business. Add to this the requirement that all lobbyists shall publicly register as such, and legislative members will not be seen with them under circumstances calculated to raise a question concerning their integrity.

The Thieves of Honor

By I. L. Lenroot, Speaker of the Wisconsin Assembly

ONE of the most corrupting influences in American politics to-day is the legislative lobby. The agitation of this matter, at the present moment, in the legislatures of almost a dozen States is ample proof of that observation. While many men belonging to the "Third House" would scorn to use any improper means to influence votes, it is, nevertheless, unfortunately true that the great majority of lobbyists are criminals, whose occupation is to destroy the manhood and the integrity of the legislator. They are paid and maintained at legislative sessions to prey upon the members by developing their weaknesses and their vices—and this is as persistent and systematic a manner as that by which the wide-awake merchant promotes the sales of his wares.

It is generally admitted, I think, that every cause is entitled to be heard. Arguments before legislative committees are, therefore, legitimate whether the cause be good or bad—but interest in this matter should go no further than this. No man employed as agent or counsel for any interests whatever should be permitted to solicit the votes of individual members for or against any bill, measure or resolution. Right here is the place to draw the line, and it should be drawn with unmistakable sharpness and firmness. Make the lobbyist, at the outset, admit that he is a lobbyist and that he represents this or that definite interest

This requires him to show his hand and to stand, to all comers, for precisely what he is. Let him make his pleas, present his evidence and do his work before the proper committees of the assembly, and then quit. He should be compelled, both by law and public sentiment, to cease dogging the footsteps of individual members. In a word, require of the lobby publicity in all its work, and it will soon cease to be a curse.

Exposure the Only Remedy

By George E. Cole, of the Legislative Voters' League

HONESTY—spelled with a big H and underscored—is the thing most needed to-day in every legislature in the United States. This consideration overtops all others. There are plenty of people who tell us that men cannot be made honest by legislative enactments. That is true enough, so far as it goes; but just the same, the right sort of legislation, backed by aroused public sentiment, can make it so hot for the corrupt lobbyist that he will find the trade of digging pitfalls and setting traps of temptation for legislators a decidedly dangerous one to ply.

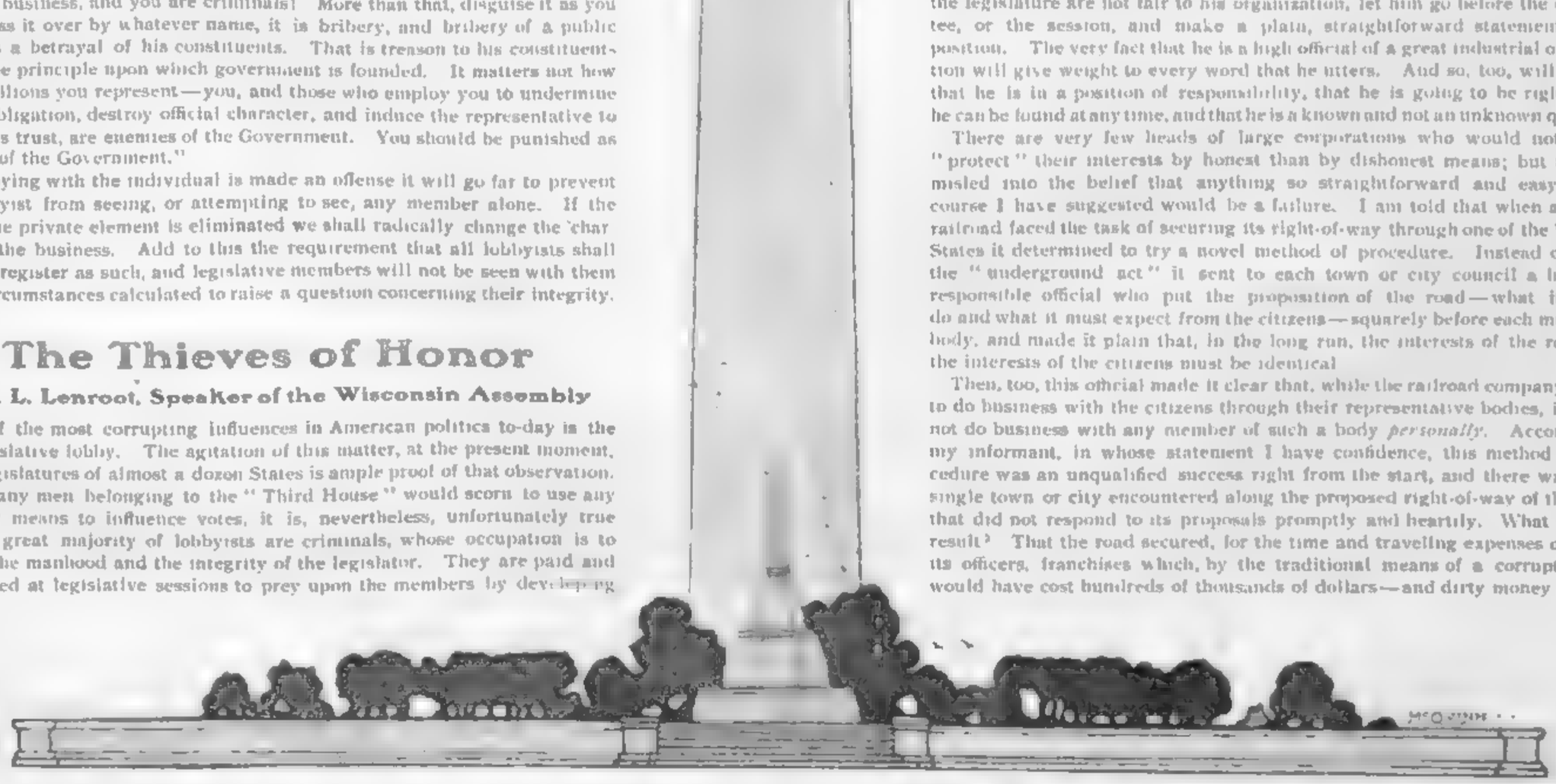
Publicity and exposure are the weapons which will bring these underground workers to time, and all the legislative enactments that can be had to compel the lobbyist to make his movements public are desirable and in the right direction. Let him be forced to register his name and his mission the moment he comes to the capital; compel him to do all of his work before committees, and let every member know that to be seen hobnobbing in private with a lobbyist is to become an object of suspicion.

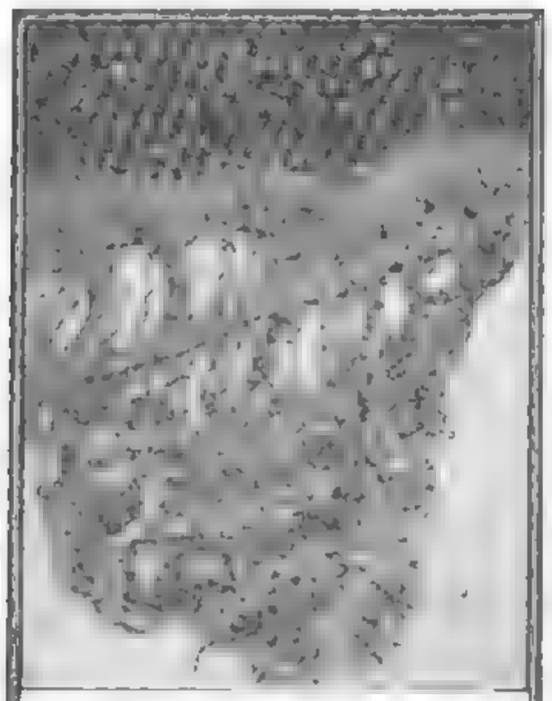
There is, I believe, one powerful influence that can be used in keeping all legislative bodies clean from the influence of a corrupt lobby. I refer to an organization of the citizens of the State or municipality which shall make a business of digging up the record of every candidate for a seat in the legislative body in question; that, without regard to party affiliation, shall fight those candidates who are unworthy; and that, finally, shall set a systematic and unwearying watch upon every act of legislation attempted, upon every lobbyist who seeks, either secretly or openly, to influence legislation, and upon the members of the legislature itself. Such an organization has almost completely changed the character and personnel of the Chicago City Council and it is believed that the application of the same methods of work to the legislature will do as much for the protection of the members of the Illinois General Assembly from the debasing influence of a corrupt lobby

Personally, I am of the opinion that the heads of the great corporations whose interests are peculiarly sensitive to legislation have pursued a short sighted course in the character of the lobby they have maintained. The American people are in favor of a square deal and fair play, and when they see that a corporation wishes to play fair, or anything like it, the people will not only give that corporation a square but a generous deal. When the president or the general counsel of a corporation feels that certain measures before the legislature are not fair to his organization, let him go before the committee, or the session, and make a plain, straightforward statement of his position. The very fact that he is a high official of a great industrial organization will give weight to every word that he utters. And so, too, will the fact that he is in a position of responsibility, that he is going to be right where he can be found at any time, and that he is a known and not an unknown quantity.

There are very few heads of large corporations who would not rather "protect" their interests by honest than by dishonest means; but they are misled into the belief that anything so straightforward and easy as the course I have suggested would be a failure. I am told that when a certain railroad faced the task of securing its right-of-way through one of the Western States it determined to try a novel method of procedure. Instead of doing the "underground act" it sent to each town or city council a high and responsible official who put the proposition of the road—what it would do and what it must expect from the citizens—squarely before each municipal body, and made it plain that, in the long run, the interests of the road and the interests of the citizens must be identical

Then, too, this official made it clear that, while the railroad company sought to do business with the citizens through their representative bodies, it would not do business with any member of such a body *personally*. According to my informant, in whose statement I have confidence, this method of procedure was an unqualified success right from the start, and there was not a single town or city encountered along the proposed right-of-way of that road that did not respond to its proposals promptly and heartily. What was the result? That the road secured, for the time and traveling expenses of one of its officers, franchises which, by the traditional means of a corrupt lobby, would have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars—and dirty money at that!





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The Cow of the Poor Man

By René Bache

"WHERE can I buy milch goats?" is the query many people are addressing to the Government Bureau of Animal Industry.

Unfortunately, the answer to the question is not easy to give, inasmuch as there are no flocks of milch goats, properly so called, in this country. The Department of Agriculture has recently imported a number from Switzerland, however, and is going to get more from the island of Malta, for breeding purposes, so that after a while these useful animals will be obtainable by anybody who wants them. It is believed by the authorities that an opportunity is offered for the development of a new industry in the United States, and that before long there will be goat's milk dairies in the neighborhood of every one of our large cities.

The goat is the poor man's cow in European countries. It furnishes a cheaper milk than that of the cow, the yield being much greater in proportion to the size of the animal and the amount of feed consumed. A good cow will give five times its own weight in milk in a twelvemonth, whereas in the case of a milch goat the annual production runs from ten times to eighteen times the weight of the beast. An ordinary milch goat will yield about three quarts a day, but the Swiss Toggenburg—the variety recently imported by the Government—offers an expectation of four or five quarts, with six or even seven quarts per diem in exceptional instances.

There is a lady in Chicago, Mrs. Edward Roby, who is engaged in a systematic effort to develop an American breed of milch goats. With this in view, she has got together a flock of the best obtainable milkers, selected from specimens of the ordinary suburban variety, and is trying to improve the stock. Meanwhile, she is furnishing goats at low rates and on easy terms to poor folks, in order that their children may be better nourished and safe from the diseases, such as tuberculosis and scarlet fever, which sometimes lurk in cow's milk.

Goats as Traveling Companions

One of the most important advantages of goat's milk is that it is free from tuberculosis germs, the animal being not subject to this infectious malady. It is especially recommended for infants because of its similarity in composition to the mother's milk, and in many recorded cases it has saved the lives of children that were wasting away. Boiled and used with coffee, it is delicious, giving to the latter a rich, creamy flavor, while a few drops in a cup of tea are more than equivalent to a teaspoonful of cow's milk. Easier to digest and more nutritious, it is richer, thicker and sweeter—in fact, it is only distinguishable from cow's milk by its superiority.

In a bulletin on the subject, soon to be issued by the Bureau of Animal Industry, from the pen of George F. Thompson, it will be urged that goat's milk dairies ought to be established in the neighborhood of every city, if only for the sake of infants. Furthermore, it is suggested that flocks of milch goats might be kept to advantage at summer resorts, in the mountains or at the seashore, for the benefit of the young children who are brought by hundreds to such places of refuge during the period of the annual hot weather exodus from the towns. Any proprietor of such a resort who was enterprising enough to advertise an attraction of the kind would be likely to reap a large profit—especially when the public has had time to become educated in regard to the usefulness of goat's milk for babies and sick persons.

It is further suggested that a milch goat is a most desirable traveling companion for an infant or invalid, being easily taken along on a journey, and, in the case of the child, affording the regular daily supply so important to health. A change from one cow to another is often disadvantageous to a baby, and it is obviously out of the question to transport a cow as "one of the family"; but it is different with a goat, which may thus render practicable a change of climate without incidental change of food. In England milch goats are frequently utilized in this way, so that there is nothing new about the idea.

The milch goat is needed by the poor man who cannot afford a cow. By keeping two of

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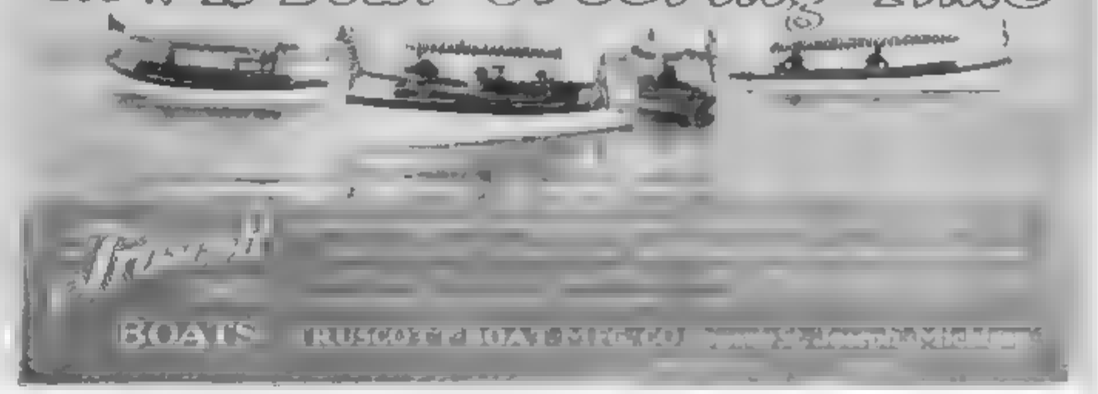

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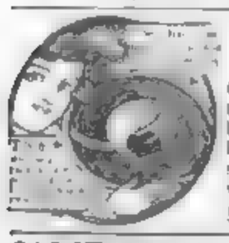

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these animals instead of one cow, his family—with proper management of the birth of kids at suitable times—will be provided with milk throughout the entire year. Particularly for suburban householders of small means, who usually have a piece of ground big enough for the purpose, the goat is to be recommended. Of all domestic creatures it is the best foster mother, readily adopting calves, colts, lambs, or even babies. In some European countries—in Italy, for example—it is a common thing for infants to take their nourishment direct from the udder of this kindly brute.

The Wonderful Toggenburg

Among our common goats in this country there are some pretty fair milkers. Italian immigrants have now and then brought over with them young kids in baskets, which, being domesticated on this side of the water, have grown up with the children, and have exerted a favorable influence upon the milk supply in neighborhoods where they found themselves. Nevertheless, we have no breed of milch goats. It is a pity, too, because there is money in the goat-milk industry. In Switzerland, which is less than half the size of Indiana, the annual output of this product is about 20,000,000 gallons, representing a value of at least $8,000,000.

Take, for another example, the island of Malta, which is famous for its milch goats. [illegible]ong-haired creatures, white and reddish-brown or black. This small patch of dry land in the Mediterranean has an area of only ninety-five square miles, with a population of 200,000; but 30,000 goats are kept for milking. You can buy a good one there for eighteen to twenty-five dollars, but the animal would cost a good deal more by the time it was fetched to this country. Even the Toggenburg may be purchased for twenty dollars or so in Switzerland, but a specimen on this side of the water is easily worth $100.

Some day, however, we shall have flocks of Toggenburgs in the United States.

The Toggenburg has been called the aristocrat of the milch goat family. It is a variety found exclusively in the northeastern part of Switzerland, where it has been bred for centuries especially with a view to increasing its capabilities in the line of milk-production. In color it is brown, with gray legs, and the natives declare that it was originally the result of an accidental cross between the goat and the chamois.

There seems to be no good reason for believing that such a remarkable theory has any basis in fact, but, beyond a doubt, the creature distances all competitors in the matter of milk giving.

What Milch Goats Eat

The skins of milch goats are the kind utilized in the manufacture of shoes and gloves. We import millions of dollars' worth of them annually, and it would certainly seem that we might just as well produce them for ourselves. Goat butter is a poor substitute for the cow brand, but goat's milk cheese is famous all over the world. Many of the finest and highest-priced cheeses are made from goat's milk—such, for instance, as Roquefort, Schweitzer, Altenburger and St. Marcellin.

There is one estate near Lyons, in France, where 12,000 goats are kept simply for cheese-making.

The popular notion that goats, whether milch or any other kind, can live on waste paper and refuse is entirely erroneous. If you propose to keep milch goats you must have a barn for them, light and sunny, with plenty of ventilation, and there must be a good yard for them to run about in if they have not access to a pasture. They need plenty of clean, fresh water, and a lump of rock-salt should be provided for them to lick. To some extent they can get sustenance by browsing on bushes and the like, but each animal will require about 500 pounds of hay per year. It is reckoned that eight goats will subsist on the amount of feed required for one cow.

Two kids are produced ordinarily at a time, and it is expedient to kill nearly all of the males, not more than one buck being required for fifty does. In Europe the kids are often raised on cow's milk, which is worth only half as much as goat's milk, an ordinary nursing bottle with a rubber nipple being used for the purpose until the little creature is old enough to drink. For the young ones that are slaughtered there is always a ready market, the flesh of a kid being exceedingly tender and delicious.

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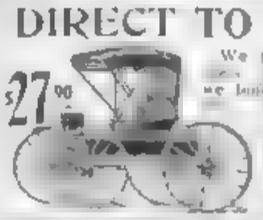

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The Elopement

(Continued from Page 5)

away, nodding me a really bright farewell—and when she had gone a few steps she came running back and shyly laid something in my lap. It was the fresh pink. After that you may be sure that I would have carried out my plan in the face of all disaster—save, indeed, the opposition of Peleas.

But Peleas—bless him!—is to be counted upon in everything. He never failed me but once, and that was in a matter of roses that were forty dollars a dozen, and is an incident of which I am very much ashamed. I could hardly wait for him to get home. I was at the window when he came up the steps, and before he could unbutton his greatcoat he knew the whole story. But Peleas is not inventive. He is sympathetic, corroborative, even cooperative—but not inventive. To him the situation simply closed down.

"Poor little souls," said he ruefully, "now that is hard. So that young rascal is in love. I didn't know that he ever thought of anything but soda. It's a blessing that he didn't fix me up a chloroform phosphate this morning, in sheer misery. Too bad, too bad! Won't matters ever be straightened out, do you think?"

"No later," said I, "than seven o'clock to-night."

"Bless my soul!" cried Peleas; "how?"

I told him how, quivering with the pleasant occupation of minding somebody's else affairs. Peleas listened a little doubtfully at first—I have a suspicion that all men strive to convince you of their superior judgment by doubting every unusual project—all, that is, save Peleas, whose judgment *is* superior. But presently, as I talked, a light began to break over his face, and then he wrinkled the corners of his eyes—and I knew that I had won the day.

"Will you, Peleas?" I cried breathlessly.

"I will," answered Peleas, "if I have to take three egg-phosphates in succession to win his confidence!"

Nichola, our old servant, knew very well that something unusual and delightful was at harbor in the house that afternoon. For Peleas and I found it impossible to read, and Nichola kept coming in the room and finding us with our heads together. Since the night when we gave our famous dancing party, and she found us out, Nichola has suspected every undertone to mean a new enterprise no less gigantic. I think that she believes us capable of turning the drawing-room into a theatre—with boxes, and presenting a comedy. Ah, well—that we may, as the days grow colorless.

At a little before six o'clock Peleas set out, I figuratively dancing on the doorstep with excitement.

"Peleas," I whispered him in the hall, "don't you fail! Peleas, if you fail, attractive as you are, I shall be divorced from you!"

Peleas smiled tenderly.

"I feel as if we were eloping ourselves," said he.

Before the clock had gone six Nichola ushered into the drawing-room Cornelia Emmeline Ayres. In one glance I knew that not in vain had I counted upon her. To do honor to me, she appeared in full regalia of "plum-color." But she had been crying all day—I saw that in the same glance, and her attempt to be cheerful in her sadness and shyness went to my heart.

We sat down beside the fire where I could watch the clock, but it seemed to me as if its very hands were signaling to her what my plan was. Nichola came in with more coals, which we needed no more than more wall-paper, but Nichola's curiosity is her one recreation and almost her one resource. I trembled afresh lest Nichola knew all about this, as she did about everything else, and would suddenly face about on the hearth-rug and recite the whole matter. She went out in silence, however, and had heard us discuss nothing but the best makes of go-carts, which was the matter that first presented itself to my mind.

"Now, my dear," said I, when we were alone, "haven't you thought better of it? Shall we not be married at six-fifteen, after all?"

I said "we" quite involuntarily, having a foolish habit of liking to be prominent in things, I fancy.

She shook her head, and the tears started as if by appointment. No; we would not be married to-night, it would appear.

"Nor ever?" I put it pointblank. "Evan won't wait forever, you know."

She looked forlornly in the fire.

"Not as long as She needs me around."

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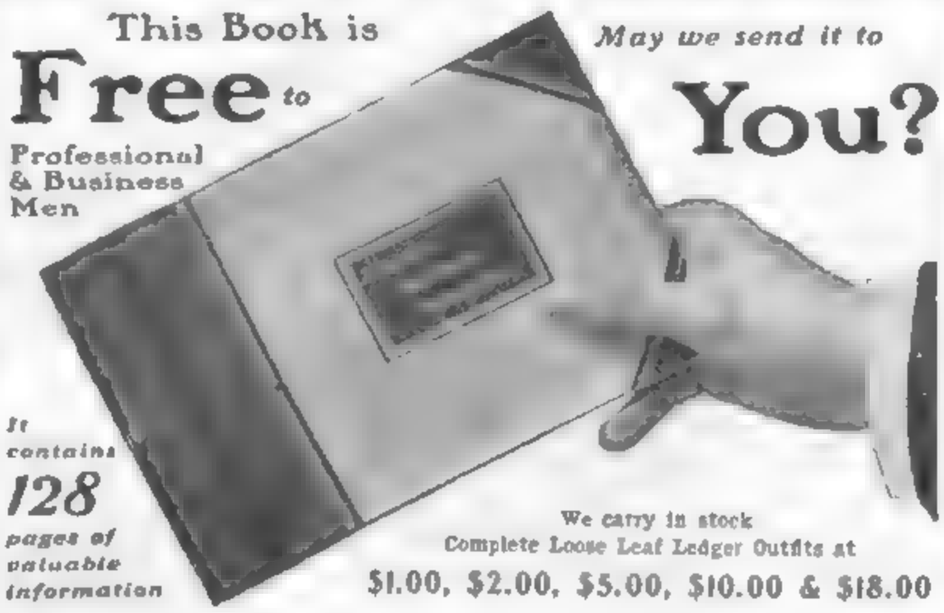

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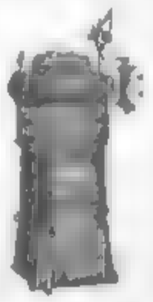

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"Rubbish!" cried I at this. "There are a thousand nursemaids as good as you, I dare say—but there is only one wife for Evan."

"That's what he keeps a-sayin'," she cried, and broke down and sobbed.

The hands of the clock pointed rigidly at six. Then and there I cast the die.

"I want to go out for a walk!" cried I. "Will you give me your arm for a block or so?"

My bonnet was ready on the hall-table, and I had kept the pink quite fresh to pin on my cloak. We were off in no time, and went down the avenue at a brisk pace, with Nichola lurking about the areaway, pretending to sweep, and really devoured with curiosity.

Cornelia Emmeline looked up longingly at all the big, beautiful homes, and down the cross-streets at all that impertinent array of comfort, so hopelessly professional, so out of sympathy with the amateur in domesticity.

"So many homes all fixed up for somebody else," she said wistfully.

My heart ached as I thought of all the little people, divinely in love, who have looked up at those grim façades with the same thought. Personally, I should prefer a flat—but it takes one seventy years to learn even that!

I talked on as well as I could about little in particular, and most of all I encouraged her to talk, since I was becoming every moment more excited. For every step was bringing us nearer and nearer to the little chapel, and at last we rounded the corner and were full upon it. A clock in a nearby steeple showed six-fifteen. I looked anxiously up the street, and the street was empty.

"Let us," said I guilelessly, "go in here and rest a while."

Little Nursemaid's mouth trembled.

"Oh, ma'am—no, please—not in there! I couldn't go in there *in-ni hi*," she stammered.

"Nonsense!" said I sharply, pretending to be very cross. "I am tired, and I must have rest."

She could do nothing but lead me up the steps, but her poor little face was quite white. So was mine, I suspect. Indeed, I fancy that neither of us could have borne matters very much longer. Happily, there was no need; for when the double green doors had closed behind us there, in the dim anteroom, stood the faithful Peleas and a bewildered Evan—who failed to understand, very naturally, why a strange old gentleman, whom he had hitherto connected with egg-phosphates and one red muffler only, should have decoyed him from his evening supper to a chapel of painful association.

Peleas and I are not perfectly agreed on what did happen next. For we had planned no farther than the church door, trusting to everything to come right the moment that those two little people saw each other in the place of their dream. The first thing that I recall is that I fairly pushed Cornelia Emmeline into the arms of the young soda fountain king, and cried out almost savagely:

"Be married—be married at once! And thank the Lord that you love each other!"

"But She—what'll She——" quavered Cornelia Emmeline upon a coat-lapel.

Then young Evan rose magnificently to the occasion. He took her little white face in his hands, kissed her very tenderly, and decided for her.

"Now, then, Sweetheart," said he, "so we will! And no more trouble about it!"

Little Nursemaid gave him one quick look shy, beseeching, delicious—and glanced down.

"I've got on my plum-color'," she consented.

Whereat Peleas and I, who had been standing by, smiling and nodding like mandarins, turned ecstatically and shook hands with each other.

Evan, in the midst of all his bliss, looked at his watch. It was plain to be seen that Cornelia Emmeline had not put her trust in a worthless fellow.

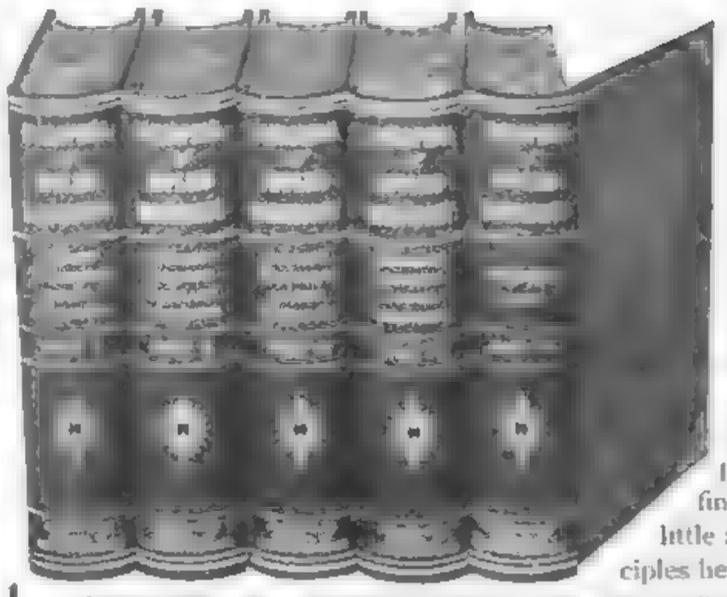
"Six-twenty," said he; "I'll run across and get the minister. Oh," he turned to us helplessly, "what if he can't come—now?"

I shared his anxiety, being suspicious that, in the event of a postponement, the store of bright "fifty-cents's and watered ribbins" might prove inexhaustible.

Then, very leisurely, the green baize doors swung open and, without undue haste or excitement, in walked the curate!

"Ah!" we four said breathlessly.

"Ah, my young friends!" said the curate, and seemed to include us all—and at the time this did not impress me as impossible! —"I have been until this moment detained



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at the bedside of a sick parishioner. I regret that I am five minutes tardy."

"Why, sir—why, sir——" stammered Evan, "we meant—we didn't mean——"

The curate looked his perplexity.

"Is this not the same?" he inquired, adjusting his pince-nez, and throwing his head back. "Did you not make an appointment with me for six-fifteen to-day? Surely I have not mistaken the day?"

At this young Evan broke into a laugh that sorely tried the echoes of the anteroom.

"Bless me!" he cried, "if I ain't forgot to tell 'im not to come!"

So there we were, smug as a planned-out wedding with invitations and bells!

They were married in the vestry, and Peleas and I had the honor of writing our names below theirs, and we both wiped our eyes right through the entire process in a fashion perfectly absurd.

"Parents of the——?" hesitated the curate, regarding us consultingly.

I looked at Peleas in some embarrassment, and felt that I was concealing something when I said simply: "No." Perhaps it would not have been legal or churchly had he known that we had never seen Cornelia Emmeline until that day, and knew nothing of Evan save egg-phosphates! It was ten minutes of seven when we left the church. On the steps those two kissed each other with beautiful simplicity, and young Evan shook our hands with tears in his eyes.

"How—how come you to do it?" he asked, this phase of the hour having now first occurred to him.

"Yes," said Cornelia Emmeline, "I've been a-wantin' to ask."

Peleas and I looked at each other somewhat foolishly.

"Bless you!" we mumbled together, "I don't know!"

Off went young Evan like a god to his throne, and Cornelia Emmeline walked back with us, and we all waved our hands at the far end of the street. Then we left her at the door of the Shrewd Benefactress ("*That* for your watered ribbon now!" I thought impudently), and Little Nursemaid, with broken words, ran up the steps. I kissed her—dear little soul in her best plum-color. So she went blithely to Little Charge and the all-wool elephant, and all the age was gold. Peleas and I walked soberly home.

"Suppose," said Peleas darkly, "that they are minors?"

"I don't care if they are," cried I with great courage. "They have acted far less like minors than we have!"

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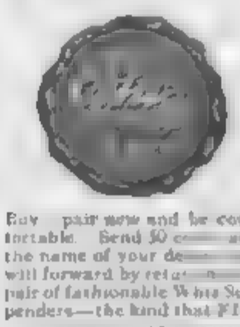

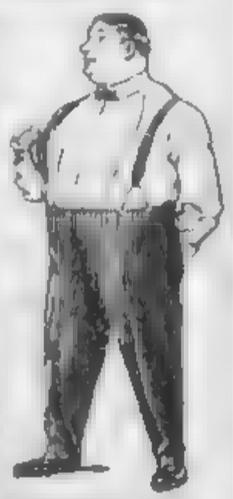

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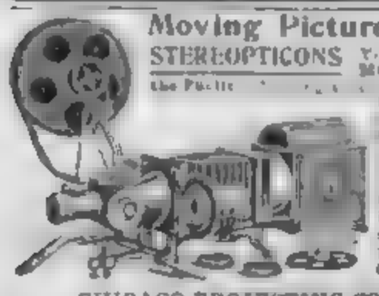

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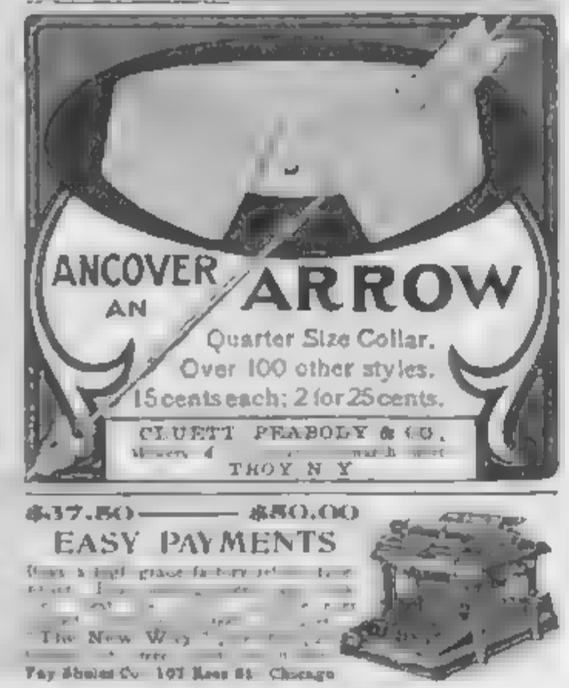

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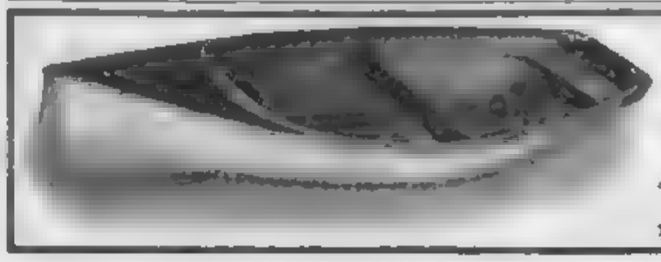

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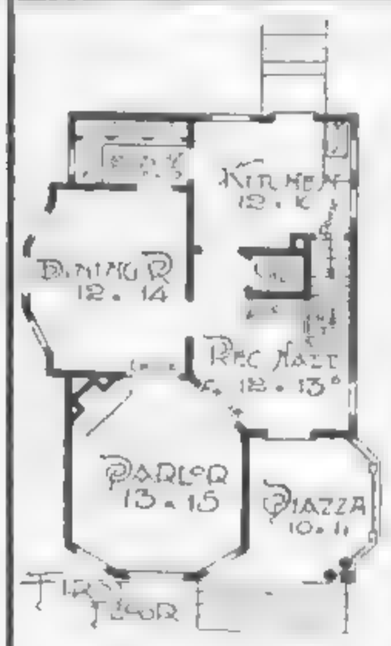

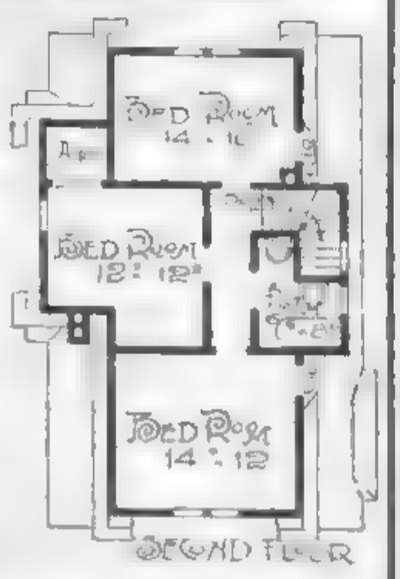

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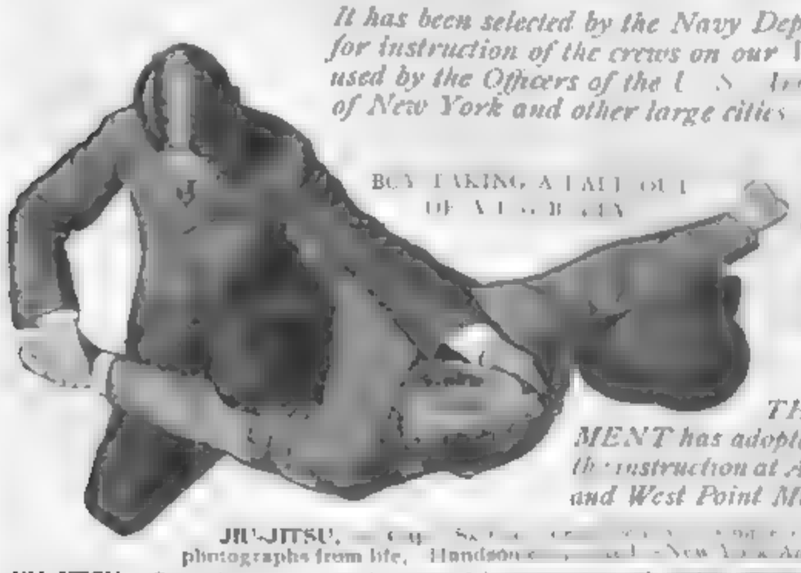

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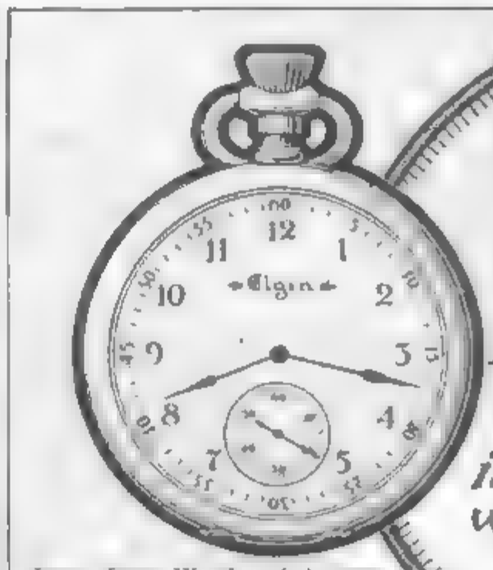

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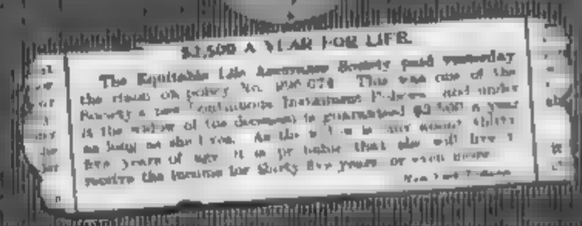

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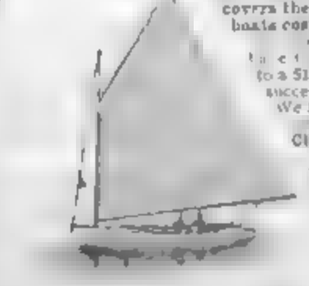

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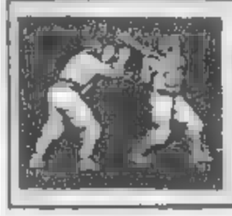

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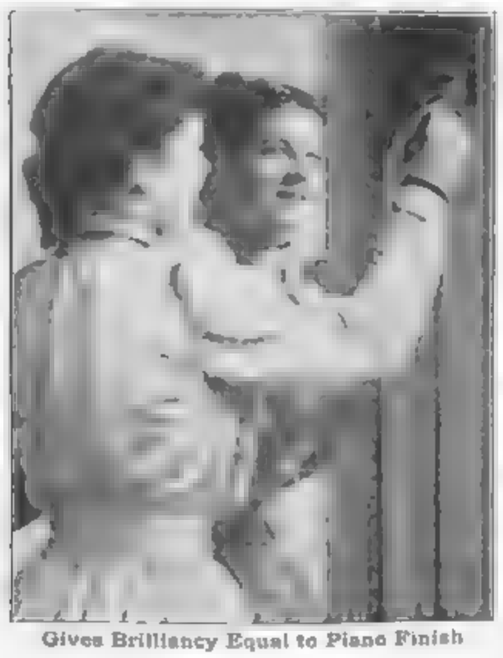

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Memoirs of an American

(Continued from Page 4)

of two years on that farm, living with the old Swede, and earning mighty little but my keep. For father gave me a dollar now and then, but no regular wages. I could get sight of May only on a Sunday. She was teaching her first school in another county. Father and mother Rudge had never liked me: they looked higher for May than to marry a poor farmhand who had a bad name in the town. My brother Will, who was a quiet, churchgoing fellow, had learned his way to the Rudge place by this time, and the old people favored him

I heard of a chance in a surveyor's office at Terre Haute, but old Sorrell, who had more business than any ten men in that part of the country, met the surveyor on the train, and when I reached the office there wasn't any job for me. That night, when I got back from Terre Haute, I told my folks that I was going to Chicago. The next day I asked my father for some money. Mother answered for him:

"Will don't ask for money. It won't be fair to him"

"So he's to have the store and my girl, too," I said bitterly

"May Rudge isn't the girl to marry a young man who's wild."

"Well, I'll find that out for myself!"

Always having had a pretty fair opinion of myself, I found it hard to be patient and earn good will by my own deserts. So I said rather foolishly to father:

"Will you give me a few dollars to start me with? I have earned them all right, and I am asking you for the last time."

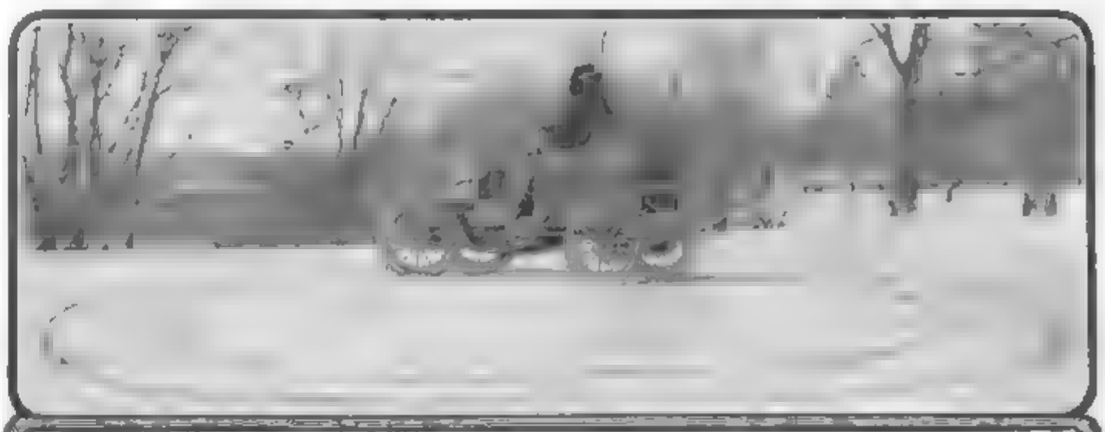
It was a kind of threat, and I am sorry enough for it now. I suspect he hadn't the money, for things were going badly with him. He answered pretty warmly that I should wait a long time before he gave me a dollar to throw away. I turned on my heel without a word to him or mother, and went out of the house with the resolve not to return.

But before I left I would see May Rudge I wanted to say to her: "Which will you have? Choose now!" So I turned about and started for the Rudge farm, which was about a mile from the town, beyond the old place on the creek that used to belong to us Judge Sorrell had put up a large new barn on the place, where he kept some fine blooded stock that he had been at considerable expense to import. I had never been inside the barn, and, as I passed it that afternoon, it came into my mind, for no particular reason, to turn in at the judge's farm and go up to the new building. Maybe I thought the old judge would be around somewhere, and I should have the chance before I left Jasonville to tell him what I thought of his dirty, sneaking ways.

But there was no one in the big barn, apparently, or anywhere on the place, and after looking about for a little I went on to May s I came up to the Rudge farm from the back, having taken a cut across the fields.

As I drew near the house I saw Will and May sitting under an apple tree talking. I walked on slowly, my anger somehow rising against them both. There was nothing wrong in their being there—nothing at all: but I was ready to fire at the first sign. By the looks of it, mother was right: they were already sweethearts. Will seemed to have something very earnest to say to May. He took hold of one of her hands, and she didn't draw it away at once. There wasn't anything more to keep me in Jasonville.

I kept right on up the country road, without much notion of where I was going to, too hot and angry to think about anything but those two under the apple tree. I had not gone far before I heard behind me a great rushing noise, like the sudden sweep of a tornado, and then a following roar. I looked up across the fields, and there was the judge's fine new barn one mass of red flame and black smoke. It was roaring so that I could hear it plainly a quarter of a mile away. Naturally, I started to run for the fire, and ran hard all the way across the fields. By the time I got there some men from town had arrived and were rushing around crazily. But they hadn't got out the live stock: there was no chance now to save a hen. The judge drove up presently, and we all stood around and stared at the fire. After a time I began to think it was time for me to move on if I was to get to any place that night. I slipped off and started up the road once more. I hadn't gone far, however, before I



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New catalogue descriptive of Runabout (Type X), $900; Type VIII, Rear Entrance Tonneau, $1400, and Type XI, Four-Cylinder, Side Entrance Tonneau, $2000, and dealer's name sent on request.

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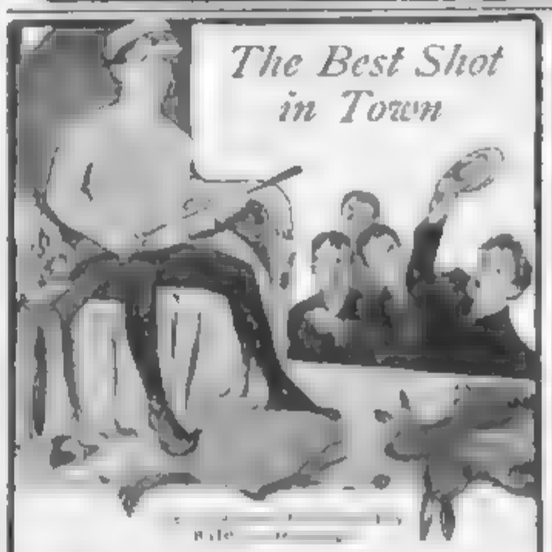

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THE PRESS CO. Meriden, Conn.

was overtaken by a buggy in which was one of the men who had been at the fire

"Where be yer goin', Van?" he asked peremptorily.

"I don't know as I am called on to tell you, Sam," I answered back.

"Yes, you be," he said more kindly. "I guess you'll have to jump right in here, anyways, and ride back with me. The judge wants to ask you a few questions about this fire."

"I don't answer any of the judge's questions!" I replied sharply enough, not yet seeing what the man was after. But he told me bluntly enough that I was suspected of setting fire to the barn, and drove me back to the town, where I stayed in the sheriff's custody until my uncle came late that night and bailed me out. Will was with him. Father didn't want me to come home, so Will let me understand. Neither he nor my uncle thought I was innocent, but they hoped that there might not be enough evidence to convict me. Some one on the creek road had seen me going into the barn a little time before the fire was discovered

The next morning I got my uncle (who wouldn't trust me out of his sight) to drive me over to the Rudge place. He sat in the team while I went up to the house and knocked. I was feeling pretty desperate in my mind, but if May would only believe my story I shouldn't care about the others. She would understand why I never appeared at the farm the day before. Old man Rudge came to the door, and, when he saw me, he drew back and asked me what my business was.

"I want to see May," I said

"I guess she don't want much to see you."

"I must see her."

The sound of our voices brought Mrs. Rudge from the kitchen.

"Mother," old Rudge said, "Van wants to see May"

"Well, Cyrus, it won't do any harm, I guess."

When May came to the door she waited for me to speak

"I want to tell you, May," I said slowly, "that I didn't have any hand in burning the judge's barn."

"I don't want to believe you did," she said.

"But you do!" I cried sharply.

"Every one says you did, Van," she said.

"So you think I could do a mean, sneaky thing like that?" I replied hotly, and added bitterly: "And then not have sense enough to get out of the way! Well, I know what this means: you and Will have put your heads together. You're welcome to him!"

"You've no reason to say such things, Van!" she exclaimed

"There ain't no use in your talking with my girl, Harrington," said Rudge. "And I don't want you coming here any more."

"How about that, May?" I asked. "Do you tell me to go?"

Her lips trembled, and she looked at me more kindly. Perhaps in another moment she would have answered and not failed me. But hot and heady as I was by nature, and smarting from all that had happened, I wanted a ready answer: I would not plead for myself.

"So you won't take my word for it?" I said, turning away.

"The word of a drunkard and a good-for-nothing!" the old man fired after me.

"Oh, father! Don't!" I heard May say. Then perhaps she called my name. But I was at the gate, and too proud to turn back.

I was discharged the next week. Although there was nothing against me except the fact that I had been seen about the barn previous to the fire, and the well-known enmity between the judge and me, it would have gone hard with me had it not been for the fact that in the ruins of the burned barn they found the remains of an old farmhand, who had probably wandered in there while drunk and set the place on fire with his pipe.

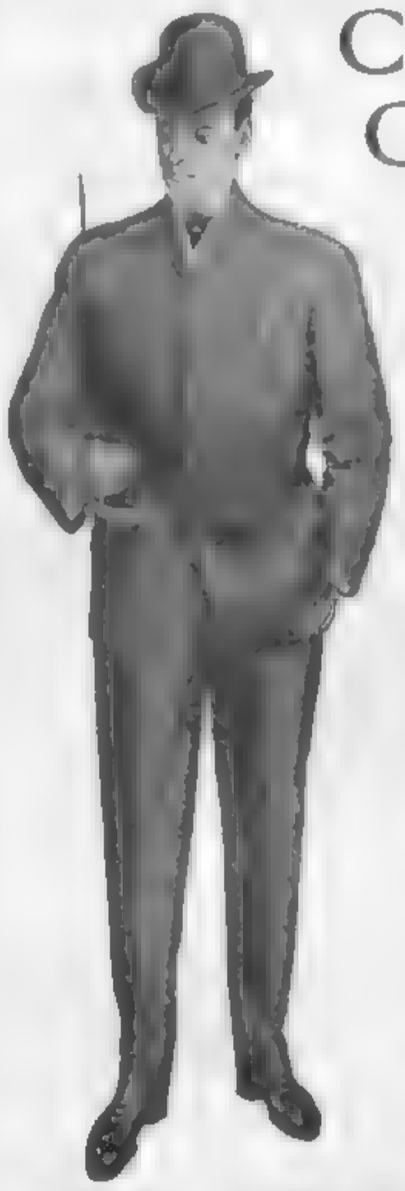
When I was released my uncle said the folks were ready to have me back home; but without a word I started north on the county road in the direction of the great city.

"So," said his Honor, when I had finished my story in the dingy chamber of the police-court, "you want me to believe that you really had no hand firing that barn any more than you took this lady's purse?"

But he smiled to himself, at his own penetration, I suppose, and when we were back in the courtroom that dreaded sentence fell from his lips like a shot: "Officer, the prisoner is discharged."

"I knew he was innocent!" the young lady exclaimed the next instant

"But, Judge, where is the purse and my friend Worden's fur coat?" the old gentleman protested.



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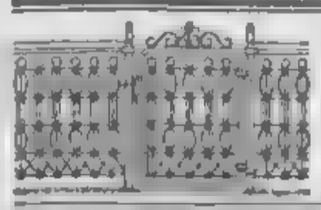

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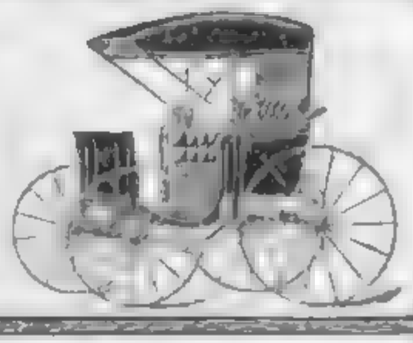

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"You don't see them about him, do you, Doctor?" the judge inquired blandly. Then he turned to me: "Edward, I think that you have told me an honest story. I hope so."

He took a coin from his pocket.

"Here's a dollar, my boy. Buy a ticket for as far as this will take you, and walk the rest of the way."

"I guess I have come to Chicago to stay," I answered. "They aren't breaking their hearts over losing me down home."

"Well, my son, as you think best. In this glorious Republic it is every man's first privilege to take his own road to hell. But, at any rate, get a good dinner to start on. We don't serve first-class meals here."

"I'll return this as soon as I can," I said, picking up the coin.

"The sooner the better; and the less we see of each other in the future, the better."

I grinned, and started for the door through which I had been brought into court, but an officer pointed to another door that led to the street. As I made for it I passed near the young lady. She called to me:

"Mr.—Mr.—what will you do now?"

"Get something to eat first, and then look for another purse, perhaps," I replied.

She blushed very prettily.

"I am sorry I accused you, but you were looking at me so hard just then—I thought . . . I want you to take this!"

She tried to give me a bill rolled up in a little wad.

"No, thanks," I said, moving off.

"But you may need it. Every one says it's so hard to find work."

"Well, I don't take money from a woman."

"Oh!" She blushed again.

Then she ran to the old gentleman, who was talking to the judge, and got from him a little black memorandum-book.

"You see, my cards were all in the purse. But there!" she said, writing down her name and address on the first page. "You will know now where to come to in case you need help or advice."

"Thank you," I replied, taking the book.

"I do so want to help you to start right and become a good man," she said timidly. "Won't you try to show your friends that they were mistaken in you?"

She turned her eyes up at me appealingly, as if she were asking it as a favor to her. I felt foolish, and began to laugh, but stopped, for she looked hurt.

"I guess, miss, it don't work quite that way. Of course, I mean to start fresh—but I sha'n't do it even for your sake. All the same, when you see me next it won't be in a police-station."

"That's right!" she exclaimed, beaming at me with her round blue eyes. "I should like to feel that I hadn't hurt you—made you worse."

"Oh, you needn't worry about that, miss. I guess I'm not much worse off for a night in the police-station."

She held out her hand and I took it.

"Sarah! Sarah!" the old gentleman called as we were shaking hands. He seemed rather shocked, but the judge looked up at us and smiled quizzically.

Outside it was a warm, pleasant day; the wind was blowing merrily through the dirty street toward the blue lake. For the moment I did not worry over what was to come next. The first thing I did was to get a good meal.

After that refreshment I sauntered forth in the direction of the lake front—the most homelike place in the city I could think of. The roar of the city ran through my head like the clatter of a mill. I seemed to be just a feeble atom of waste in the great stream of life flowing around me.

When I reached the desolate strip of weeds and sand between the avenue and the railroad the first relay of bums was beginning to round up for the night. The sight of their tough faces filled me with disgust; I turned back to the busy avenue, where men and women were driving to and fro with plenty to do and think. Then and there I turned on myself and gave myself a good cussing. Here I was at twenty, and just a plain fool, and had been ever since I could remember. When I had rid myself of several layers of conceit it began to dawn on me that this was a world where one had to step lively if he wasn't to join the ranks of the bums back there in the sand. That was the most valuable lot of thinking I ever did in my life. It took the sorehead feeling of wronged genius out of me for good and all. I straightened my back and started for the city to find a bite of food and a roof to cover my head.

And afterward there might be a world to conquer!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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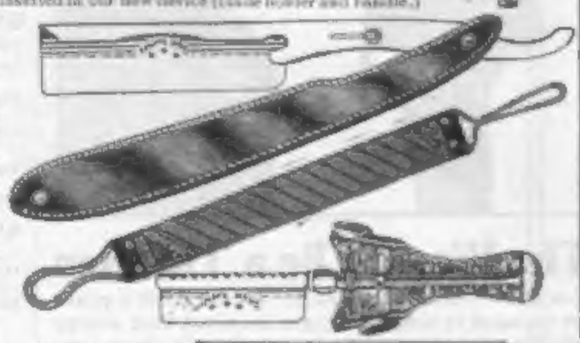

These blades can be stropped with our special Star Stropper. These we offer for sale in sets only, the razor and handle complete, including Star Stropper and Diagonal Strop. Also in sets containing 2, 3, 4 and 7 blades. Our latest catalogue gives full information. Bear in mind that few people understand how to strop a razor properly, and that advertisements appearing in the publications stating that razors require no honing or stropping are misleading, as no razor can shave properly unless properly stropped. Any practical cutler will bear us out in this statement. Please study illustrations carefully. Made up in sets. Price $5.00 and upward.

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A SOCIAL SECRETARY

(Concluded from Page 11)

want you. Can a man make a more degrading confession than that?"

"But why?" said I, very careful not to let him see how eagerly I longed to hear him say *the* words again. "Why should you want—me?"

He gave a very unpleasant laugh. "If you think I'm going to sit here and exhibit *my* feelings for your amusement you're going to be disappointed. It's none of your business *why*."

"That's rude," said I.

"It was intended to be," said he.

"Please—let's not quarrel now," said I very coldly. "It gives me the headache to quarrel during dinner."

And he answered between his set teeth, "To quarrel with you—anywhere—gives me—the heartache, Gus."

I am *so* happy to-night.

MARCH 5.—Cyrus came to me in my office to-day—as I had expected. But instead of looking woebegone and abject, he was almost radiant. He shut the door behind him. "*You*—guilty of cowardice," he began. "It isn't strange that I never suspected it."

"What do you mean?" I asked, not putting down my pen.

He came over and took it out of my fingers. Then he took my fingers and kissed them, one by one. I was so astounded—and something else—that I made not the slightest resistance. "It's useless for you to cry out," he said, "for I've got the outer room well guarded."

I started up, aflame with indignation. "Who—whom——" I began.

"Ma," he replied.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, looking round with a wild idea of making a dart for liberty.

"Ma," he repeated, "and it's not of the slightest use for you to try to side-step. You're cornered." He had both my hands now and was looking at me at arm's length. "So you are afraid to marry me for fear people—your friends—will say that—I walked right into the trap?"

I hung my head and couldn't keep from trembling, I was so ashamed.

"And if it wasn't for that you'd accept my 'proposition'—now—wouldn't you?"

"I would not," I replied, wrenching myself away with an effort that put my hair topsyturvy—it always does try to come down if I make a sudden movement, and I washed it only yesterday.

"You've been talking to your mother," I exclaimed—I'd been casting about for an explanation of all this sudden shrewdness of his in ways feminine.

"I have," said he. "It's as important to her as to me that you don't escape."

"And she told you that I was in love with *you!*" I tried to put a little—not too much—scorn into the "you."

"She did," he answered. "Do you deny that it's true?"

"I have told you I would never accept your 'proposition,'" was my answer.

"So you did," said he. "Then you mean that you're going to sacrifice my mother's happiness and mine, simply because you're afraid of being accused of mercenary motives?"

"I shall never accept your 'proposition,'" I repeated, with a faint smile that was a plain hint.

He came very close to me and looked down into my face. "What do you mean by that?" he demanded. And then he must have remembered what his proposition was—a strictly business arrangement on both sides. For, with a sort of gasp of relief, he took me in his arms. He had looked and talked and been so strong up to that instant. Then he was *so* tender—I could hardly keep back the tears.

"Wouldn't you like me to tell mother?" he asked. "She's just in the next room—and——"

I nodded and said, "I never should have caught you if it hadn't been for her."

"Nor I you," said he. And he put me in a chair and opened the door. I somehow couldn't look up, though I knew she was there.

"I don't know whether to laugh or cry," said "Ma" Burke. "So I guess I'll just do both." And then she seated herself and was as good as her word.

(THE END)

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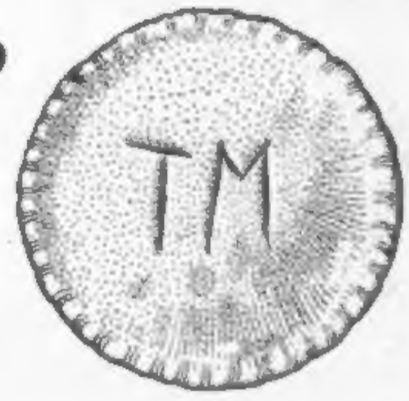

There is a story of an old lady who made up a batch of mince and apple pies.

Wishing to be able to distinguish one kind from the other she marked the mince pies **T M** for "tis mince" and the apple pies **T M** for "taint mince."

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Observations by Great Observers

From the Autobiography of HERBERT SPENCER, Vol. II, Page 167, American Edition.

"The presentation watch named in Prof. Youman's letter, was one of those manufactured by the Waltham Watch Company. . . . It has proved a great treasure as a time-keeper, and has excited the envy of friends who have known its performances." *

* "I find in a letter written in December, 1880, after the watch had been in my possession fourteen years, a paragraph respecting it which may fitly be quoted:—'I have several times intended to tell you how wonderfully well my American watch has been going of late. It has always gone with perfect regularity, either losing a little or gaining a little; but of course it has been difficult to adjust its regulator to such a nicety as that there should be scarcely any loss or gain. This, however, was done last summer. It was set by the chronometer-maker in July, and it is now half a minute too slow; never having varied more than half a minute from the true time since the period when it was set. This is wonderful going. As the Admiral says, one might very well navigate a ship by it."

("In 1890 it went with equal nicety; lost 42 seconds in half a year.")

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From a drawing made in 1857 by S. W. Rowse, now in possession of C. E. Norton.

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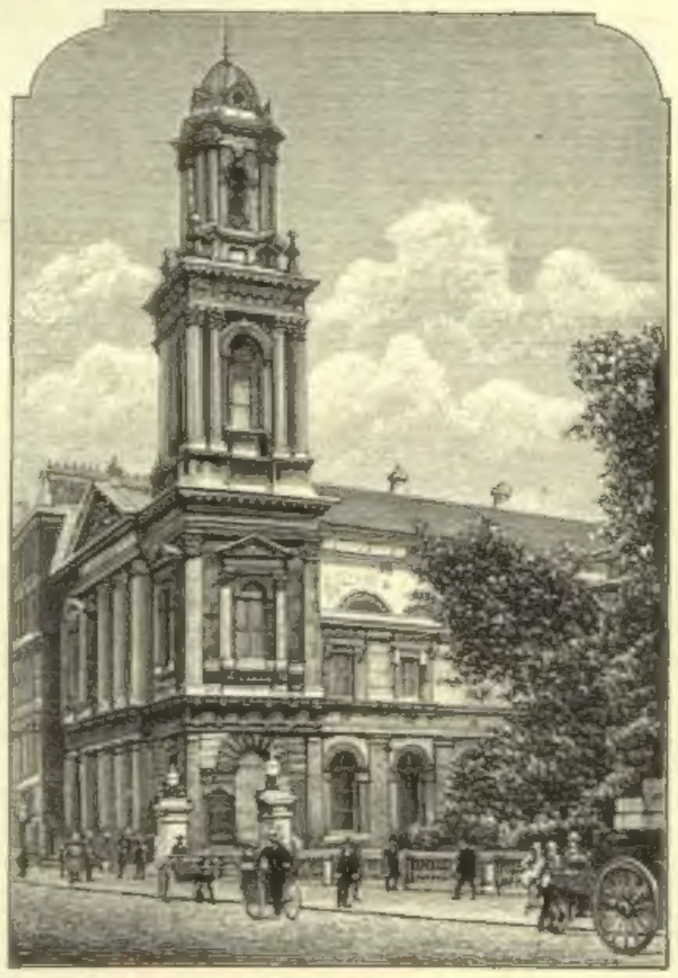
The REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, in a sermon preached at the City Temple, London, on Sunday, September 18th, 1904, spoke as follows:

"When I was in the United States last year, I visited the well-known Waltham Watch Factory; some of you now are wearing the products of this American manufactory. Do you understand, or do you ever try to understand how it is that you are able to afford these articles as compared with the earlier day? I will tell you: It is because the brains of a whole army of men are concentrated in that marvellous institution. I remember asking my guide, as we went from room to room, 'How many watchmakers of an older day do you estimate sit on each of those stools, and the men who do the work by machinery—how many are they equivalent to?' He replied: 'Everyone you see at work here is equivalent to fifty at the very least of operators who lived before this day, conscientious and able though they may have been.' Inventions have increased the working value of every individual man; they have raised the level of the productive output of the civilized world. So it is in a higher region."



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